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THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

BY NORA PERRY.

Early and gayly rang the gay music,
The blithe, merry music of harp and of horn,
The mad, merry music that set to the dancers
Till over the midnight came stealing the morn.

Down the great hall went waving the banners,
Waving and waving their red, white and blue,
As the crowd—summer wind came blowing and blowing,
From the city's great gardens asleep in the dew.

Under the flags, as they floated and floated,
Under the arches and arches of flowers,
We two and we two floated and floated
Into the mystical midnight hours.

And just as the dawn came stealing and stealing,
The last of those wild Weber waltzes began;
I can hear the soft notes now speaking fond pleading,
And I catch the faint scent of the sandal-wood fan,

That lay in your hand, your hand on my shoulder,
As down the great hall away and away,
All under the flags and under the arches,
We danced and we danced till the dawn of the day.

But why should I dream o'er this dreary old
In this counting-room down in this dingy old street,
Of that night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When our hearts beat in time to our fast-flying feet?

What is it that brings me that scene of enchantment,
So fragrant and fresh from out the dead years,
That lost for a moment I'd swear that the music
Of Weber's Waltzes was ringing in my ears?

What is it, indeed, in this dusty old alley,
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it, indeed?—I laugh to confess it—
A hand-organ grinding it creaking old tune!

But somewhere or other I caught in the measure
That waltz of Von Weber's, and back it all
That night or that morning, just there at the dawning,
When I danced the last dance with my first and last flame.

My first and my last! but who would believe me
If down in this dirty old alley to-day,
'Twixt the bills about cotton, the markets and money,
I should suddenly turn in some moment and say

That one memory only had left me a lonely
And gray-bearded bachelor dreaming of Junes,
Where the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to the dawnings,
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes!

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOME.

The morning was delightful—one of those mellow golden mornings of the young Autumn, when the voices of nature seem both to break the stillness with their songs, and the air is heavy with the delicious fragrance of fallen leaves and flowers touched by the frost. On a stately steamer stood a little group, composed of Monsieur Victor, his mother and Ada Venner.

"You will come back to us soon, ma chere, for the Christmas holidays, or even sooner if you can?" Madame was saying.

"I will come for you any time you wish."

The possibility of a young lady making the trip from Albany to New York alone had scarcely occurred to Madame. She would have considered it, if not a piece of ruthless impropriety, a ponderous undertaking for a refined young lady. Monsieur held out his hand, and Ada placed hers, neatly gloved, within it. Monsieur had said his farewell words at home, and though the hour was yet early—earlier, in fact, than he was accustomed to rise—he had found time for painting one of his glowing word pictures of his beloved Italy, and the glow on her cheek and her breathless attention had well repaid him for the effort. Now he only held her hand for a moment, gave her one eloquent look which spoke volumes, said "au revoir" with his best bow, and turned away. The bell sounded, and a moment later the boat was steaming away up the Hudson. There is something strangely revivifying in the magic word home, and though she had been away so short a time, Ada felt all its influences, as, gliding up the placid river, she left New York further behind. Beautiful scenery was something that had never palled on her admiring eyes. And here, turn herself whichever way she would, she saw only one unbroken scene of grand and picturesque beauty. All the marvelous shades of Autumn colors were in their richest glow. A luster of gold and purple and crimson was lying on the hill-tops, crowning the trees and shrubbery, and beneath her foot lay the violet waters gilding with their voiceless motion ever onward to the sea.

Mrs. Nealy's chirruping voice was almost constantly in her ears. She listened and answered, but her thoughts, her soul, were communing with Judith, and that Mrs. Nealy did not hear. Thus the long beautiful day passed till the evening shadows fell. They were expecting her at home, and Mrs. Venner met her at the door. Then she heard her mother and dutifully inquired after her health.

"Oh, I am no better, and probably never shall be," sighed Mrs. Venner. "I am having such very bad nights of late; my rest did not seem to be broken into by your father's illness, that when he can spare me for an hour or two, I am too weary to rest, and I lie down only to toss and turn and long for sleep without obtaining it."

Ada knew that her mother was in the habit of getting things wonderfully and fearfully mixed up, but she was scarcely prepared for the startling revelation that met her when she sought out Judith for a quiet chat in the kitchen; for Judith, in the course of conversation, innocently revealed the fact that Mrs. Venner had not lost an hours' rest in the sick-room since her return home, she herself and Mr. Williams, Mr. Venner's clerk, having taken entire charge of him. Ada stood aghast. After having been accustomed to Madame's sterling integrity, this terrible demonstration of the truth was simply terrible. She started back, as if Judith, from constitutional trick one so devoid of honor, had become contaminated. She recovered herself in a moment, and said, quite calmly:

"Papa does not look as badly as I expected to see him."

"Oh, no, he is not looking so desperate bad. The doctor broke the fever right up, and he wasn't very sick only about a week. But it seems like he can't gain strength. The doctor says he has worked too hard—had too many business cares, and all that. And it seemed as if he thought of nothing but you. He said it wasn't like you to go to New York with strangers, without consulting him. Sometimes when his fever was high, he would be out of his head, and that was all his talk then; and even after he got better it seemed to worry him, and the doctor said for us to send for you."

"And was mamma willing?" asked Ada.

"La sakes no! She objected right up and down. Said it was a shame to cut your visit short like that, when you had so little society at home. But Mr. Williams heard that the Nealy's were going, and, without consulting her, told them to take you."

"Poor papa!" said Ada, drawing a long breath; "and what did mamma say when she heard it?"

Judith lifted up her hands. "I never saw her in such a way, Miss Ada. She acted worse than she did when your papa failed—raved like a crazy woman, beat her hands together, and swore that Mr. Williams should never come into the house again. And what a time I had to keep her up stairs, where she wouldn't worry your father. Then, worse than all, when she had worn herself out, she went into hysterics, and my! how I missed you then. I tell you, Miss Ada, things have gone mighty different than when you are here."

Ada sighed heavily, and for the first time she noticed how pale and shrunken was Judith's face, and how the hand—always so strong and steady—trembled as it rested on the table beside her.

"You are tired out, poor Judith!" she said compassionately. "You must go to bed at once. You will be sick if we are not careful of you, and what shall we do then? I am going to send Mr. Williams home, and shall take care of papa myself. And don't you get up till I call you."

"But you forget your mother. Who will take care of her?" asked Judith.

"What care does mamma need?" inquired Ada in some surprise.

"Why, her limbs ache so of nights that she can't rest till they are rubbed. And often she wants a window raised or lowered, or her head bathed with cologne, or some other little attention."

"Well, I can do all those things, if necessary You are are not able to be roused up two or three times or more to-night, Judith, and you shall sleep in my room, where you cannot easily be disturbed, and I will be nurse for papa and mamma both. Come now, go right up into my room and go to bed, and I will bring you some ginger tea." With Ada ginger tea possessed all the admirable properties of the patent medicines of the present day. It was a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. "Then," Ada continued, "I will see mamma and make it all right with her."

The prospect of one night of undisturbed rest was a great temptation to poor, tired Judith, and she submitted without further argument. Ada served her ginger tea with all the gravity of a professional nurse; then went down stairs to compromise matters with her mother, and you would have considered it, if not a piece of ruthless impropriety, a ponderous undertaking for a refined young lady. Monsieur held out his hand, and Ada placed hers, neatly gloved, within it. Monsieur had said his farewell words at home, and though the hour was yet early—earlier, in fact, than he was accustomed to rise—he had found time for painting one of his glowing word pictures of his beloved Italy, and the glow on her cheek and her breathless attention had well repaid him for the effort. Now he only held her hand for a moment, gave her one eloquent look which spoke volumes, said "au revoir" with his best bow, and turned away. The bell sounded, and a moment later the boat was steaming away up the Hudson. There is something strangely revivifying in the magic word home, and though she had been away so short a time, Ada felt all its influences, as, gliding up the placid river, she left New York further behind. Beautiful scenery was something that had never palled on her admiring eyes. And here, turn herself whichever way she would, she saw only one unbroken scene of grand and picturesque beauty. All the marvelous shades of Autumn colors were in their richest glow. A luster of gold and purple and crimson was lying on the hill-tops, crowning the trees and shrubbery, and beneath her foot lay the violet waters gilding with their voiceless motion ever onward to the sea.

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to position. I would have married you the next week but after his failure, the next week, the next month, I could not have been so proud of my bride as if you had been the daughter of a millionaire. Wealth charms only those who have no higher and nobler aims. The only dower I asked with my bride, was a firm, noble spirit, one that was not enthralled by wealth and fashion, but could look above those, to the higher aims and destiny of woman. It was cruel for me to try your proud spirit as I did that night, but I could not know how you would suffer. Often, when I saw you struggling so bravely, I longed to take you to my heart and whisper words which I knew would bring a new light to your eyes, but a desire to see more of you in this new character kept me silent; yet it was not my intention to let so many months slip by, but—"

He paused, and then with a gesture. All the time he had been speaking she had sat by his side like a statue, white, silent, motionless. Now she put the hand-someone of hair back from her forehead with both white hands and rose to her feet slowly, wearily, and stood before him. All the light had gone from her eyes, the color from her face even her lips were white. She looked like one of her own garden flowers from which all the life had been stricken.

"Your confession has come too late Mr. Dalpont," she said in a quiet tone. "Why did you not tell me this months ago? Did you need all this length of time in which to prove if I was really worthy of you?"

She spoke the words with a concentrated bitterness that crushed the faint hope that had sprung up in his heart, whilst he had been speaking.

"I know long ago that you were more than worthy of me," he said despreatingly. "I did not tell you when you sent me back my proposals, least in a fit of wounded pride you should think my happiness and love. Afterward, when I tried to gain an opportunity to talk privately with you, something would always occur to interrupt us. But that is all past now, Ada mine," taking her cold hand in his, "do not look at me thus. I am not worthy of you. I never shall be! But I think I can make you happy, and I know that you are more to me than all the rest of the world."

"It is too late!" she moaned, "too late!" drawing her hand slowly from his, and giving him one look of silent anguish. "I must leave you now, and you must and follow me. You must never meet again. I am Monsieur Castlon's promised wife!"

She turned slowly, wearily away, as if bearing some heavy burden, and walked up the flower bordered path toward the house, her heavy hair, which had broken loose from its confinement, falling around her like a sunlit shroud veil. And Harry Dupont fell at the gates of Paradise had forever closed against him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Homes for Lost Dogs.

As every one knows, dogs are often lost in large towns, and roam about miserably in search of their masters or mistress. A night of this sort in such circumstances is exceedingly pitiable. In London, a humane plan for succouring lost dogs has been established. Some years ago, a benevolent lady, Mrs. Tealby, was enabled, by the aid of public subscriptions, to set on foot a temporary House for Lost and Starving Dogs, which has existed since 1860. It is situated at Battersea Park Road. A dog when found is and brought to the Home, is taken in and succoured under certain pecuniary conditions. If a dog after being housed and succoured, is applied for by the owner in a satisfactory proof of ownership, the animal is given up on payment of the expenses of its keep. If no owner comes forward, every dog is unclaimed dog is sold for the benefit of the institution, or otherwise disposed of according to circumstances. The home is growing in usefulness. In one month recently more than three thousand three hundred dogs were restored to their former owners or sent to new homes. Its success is due to the support and favorites through the agency of this institution, but only refund their expenses incurred, but assist the funds by subscriptions in the name of their recovered pets—as for instance, "In memory of Fido," "In memory of Fido," the name of darling Charlie." The mite from from an old dog and so on. This deserving and well managed institution is well worth visiting. Only, the visitor must be prepared to see painful but unavoidable scenes among the unhappy inmates. On the approach of the visitor, each animal eagerly hastens to see if he be his dear master. And as a rule, a single glance render be evident the fact that poor's not the person wished for, something like a fear steals from the poor dog's eyes. The happiness shown when one of the animals finds his lost master is equally expressive. Looking to the great good done in this way to humanity by this meritorious Home for Lost and Starving Dogs it may be hoped that efforts will not be wanting to establish similar institutions elsewhere.

There is another admirable establishment worth referring to. It is known as the Home Institution, from having been founded by the bequest in 1861 of a large fortune left by Mr. Thomas Brown. Its design was the advancement of the comfort and well-being of horses of animals, the best mode of treating them for the purpose of cure, and the encouragement of humane feeling towards the brute creation. The institution combines the quality of an infirmary and a dispensary for animals belonging to persons who are unable to pay for the ordinary medical attendance, and therefore does not trench on veterinary establishments for profit. Its operations are carried annually. The institution, which is under the direction of the Royal College of Veterinary of London, is situated in Wandsworth Road, near Vauxhall Railway station. As an hospital and dispensary for horses, cattle, dogs and other animals, the Brown Institution is unique of its kind. As far as we know, there is nothing like it in the world. It is a noble boon ship in advance in the Home for Dogs, and the Home for Horses, and the Home for Cattle, condition of things at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Coal in the Arctic Regions.

The Discovery wintered in a bay on the west side of Hakeluyt Island, in latitude 81 deg. 44 degrees 44 minutes north and 65 degrees 3 minutes west longitude from the Discovery Bay. About two miles from this place, in Grantland, coal was found in the side of a narrow mountain gorge. It was discovered by Mr. Feilden, Lieutenant Tuitord and Dr. Coppanger. The prevailing rock of the surrounding district was in almost every case of a very friable character and but mainly dipping to the westward, and so far as could be ascertained, entirely void of fossils. Vegetation included no less than sixty species of plants. Coal has been found in most of the previous expeditions from high latitudes but not so far north. The coal specimens of which were exhibited at the Royal Society's meeting is somewhat of a pitchy character and very brittle. On analysis, it could not be distinguished from bituminous coal of a fair average good quality, and belongs to the true carbonic series of coals. It very closely resembles the coal found in some English coalfields, and particularly at Chesterfield. It contains sixty-five per cent. of coke. Mr. Feilden says that he had formed no opinion as to whether it would, in future expeditions, be possible to utilize this coal. As it has only to be quarried, Dr. Coppanger is of the opinion that it might. If ballooning were resorted to in future expeditions, this coal would useful in the manufacture of gas.

The Kind of Religion Wanted.

We want a religion that softens the steps and trains the voice to modesty and fills the eye with sunshine and checks the impatient exclamation and hands rebuke—a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, courteous to inferiors, and affectionate to friends—a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband brushes the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the many things to annoy a lady in the house, and the patient when the baby is cross and anxious the husband will not find fault with them; saves the servants from being scolded for every mistake, and the housemaid from the harvest moon, and the housemaid from the harvest moon, and the housemaid from the harvest moon

BIRDS ON THE WIRES.

BY A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And whether it rains or whether it shines,
Maybe they think that for them sand their sister
Slender lines are always out in order for wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires,
Planned for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And they know of the world all gathered under their feet—
How value rises and then declines,
How fifty cents will buy a barrel in Battle street;
And all the while, said the soundless wires,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish and sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day
And we think that they are but fleeting fancies,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from out of his heart the poet draws
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Ah! only wires and lightning then,
Apart from human thought and human heart?
Is the thought one and the works, and the prayers one with them?

Only narrows that light on God's telegraph strings.
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay! he planned for the light and for longer things.

AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

The weird notes and wild, desultory attitude produced by the power of the wind on the stretched chords of the Æolian harp are the delight of the sentimental and romantic, and hence this really charming though unscientific music has come to be considered a necessary and respectful manner. Yet who that has set half dozing on the rustic lounge of some vine-clad summer temple, and listened to the confused sounds of buzzing insects, trilling birds and the wind on the leaves, and the vowel vibrations of the rustic reed-mellan harp fastened within the trellised document, at the gentle zephyrs played upon its strings, or that has lain and listened in the hush of the forest of Arden during the long watches of some boisterous night, will not say that its music is at once deliciously dreamy and wildly romantic, and altogether usefully touching? As a musical instrument of very ancient origin, it carries with it certain poetical associations that will make a pleasant addition to the household, the tastes of which are educated to admire and love those things which lead

"From nature up to nature's God."

This instrument, whose name is not as awakened by scientific art, but through the agency of natural powers—the "breath of the zephyr, the voice of the wind," sweeping over stirring cords, simply fastened in a case secured to the window, or in some tree or arbor convenient to sound, first low and sweet and soothing as the song of the spirits which are said to sing the lullaby of the good night babe; then rising again in deep resonant chords, whose volume rises and swells, and, with trembling reverberations, sweeps over the strings like a great gust of sound and soul chanting a requiem or the "Dead Marseillaise." So again suddenly changing, as the wild whistle lull, and the wind in more lively dancing strains are thrown upon the strings, and resound with their quick and true music that the tinkling feet of Terpsichore would seem to have inspired.

Verily the music of the Æolian harp—and many a house is never without one or more in certain windows, or fastened to tree or rustic building out upon the ground. The cases for those harps may be either extremely simple or elaborately elegant; but in the dwelling we would recommend a pretty pine-wood case, adorned with spray-work, cutting a moderately deep sounding-board, and with sprays, and a border of ivy leaves. Or, making a walnut case, decalcomanie designs may be effectively used, or the whole case with paintings in India ink and sepia, or oil or water colors will be chaste and pretty. On each side use, rustic ornaments are most appropriate, and form lovely objects.

The pictures from Egyptian vases and other ancient designs, as mythological characters, figures from books of travel, taken from relics, etc., sketches of Swiss cottages, or Italian art, with borders of curious conventional, vegetables, and animal forms, are all beautiful embellishments for such cases, which should be made as follows: Measure the breadth of the window or space where you intend to put it, and make a pine case to fit it in length, five inches wide, four inches deep, and of quarter-inch stuff. On the ends of the case glue two thin pieces of oak wood, about half an inch and a quarter in length, to project from the case, on which the strings are to be fixed; into one of those fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings, into the other seven screw-eyes, made of brass pins, and to these fasten one end of the graduated strings, made of catgut, such as are used for guitar and violin strings, and tie at the other end round the pegs.

Within the case at each end glue two pieces of beech, or other such wood, about an inch square and the width of the box, on which to rest the sound-board, which is pierced with a hole cut in the centre; place over the top another thin board, supported on four pegs, and about three inches from the sounding board, to procure a free passage of air over the strings.

When possible, affix the harp in the window having another window opposite to it. When exposed to a current of air, and the strings are fixed in a manner with the wind, so that with the current the melody changes from soft low sounds and diatonic scales to wild but delightful and impassioned music, from a simple to some grotic or shady nook, the effect of its sweet sounds are peculiarly delightful.

The gouta of the South African bushman is a sort of conjectural jaw-harp, in which a quill is attached by the strings to bow, and is breathed upon by the player. A gut string is attached at one end to one extremity of the bow, and to the other to an elastic spring of bustard quill, which is lashed to the other extremity of the bow. The tone is varied by attenuated oval shape, and its quality, a swell as the tension of the string, determines its musical tone to be performed with the bow held nearly horizontally, steadying himself by placing his elbows on his knees, his right forefinger inside the bow-arc and the left grasping the left hand into his nostrils. He is then ready for duty. He breathes upon the quill, inciting tones both in expiration and inspiration.

The instrument is the most ingenious to be found in South Africa, and is a great favorite with the people, though monotonous and weak in tone. The string adds resonance to the tones, which are limited in their variety, though inferior to the latter.

Means fraud no regular time is attempted, but the variations of tone follow each other much as when a person unskilled in the jew's harp and indiscriminately moves the tongue in the position of his lips and the strength of his breathing.

When the instrument is used by a woman she holds it differently: grasping the middle and holding it transversely, and applying to her she blows upon the quill and taps the string with a small stick. When the woman plays it is called a jeun-jeun.

MUSHROOM CULTIVATION IN JAPAN

In pursuance of a plan commenced a short time back of furnishing information relative to the staple products of Japan, their culture or preparation, Her Majesty's Consul at Yokohama has in his published Report to the Foreign Office, Seals, among other matters, with the cultivation, &c., of the mushroom, and as that subject is a novel one in this country, a brief account of the process may not be unacceptable to the reader. The edible and poisonous species of mushrooms are known to the Japanese as matsu-take and shu-take. The difficulties experienced in cultivating the former have prevent their being available for export, added to which, when cooked or preserved by drying, they are scarcely tasteless; the shu-take, on the other hand, have this peculiar excellence, that though they are all but tasteless in their raw state, they have an extremely less flavor when they are dried. The quantity that grows naturally on the mountains is by no means small, but the yield is not sufficient to meet the demand, and consequently the article has been forced into use on their cultivation, notably by cutting off the trunks of the shu and other trees, and forcing the growth of the mushroom on them. Different varieties of oak are most in favor with the Japanese for the cultivation of mushrooms, the best perhaps being that considered to give the best results. The tree selected for this purpose is a high and quite a southeasterly aspect, and attains a height of about eighteen or nineteen feet. It is an evergreen, bearing small acorns, which are pointed and eaten; the wood is used for making boats' oars, charcoal, etc. Another oak, the kashiwa, from which mushrooms are obtained, is also plentiful in warm localities, and grows to a height of thirty or forty feet. Its leaves are used in making, and the wood is in great demand for dressing-sticks. A third description of oak, the kunugi, is prized, if not for the quality, and its acorns, after being pounded and steeped in water, are made into dumplings.

Mushrooms, we are told, are obtained from any of the above mentioned trees in the following manner: About the beginning of Autumn a number of holes are made in diameter in underwood and cut up into lengths of four or five feet; each log is then split into four pieces; and on the outer bark, at intervals of about an inch apart with a hatchet, or else the logs are left till the following Spring, when deep cuts are made in them. Another method is to have the logs that have been pursued, the logs, after having received several slight incisions, are placed in a wood where they can get the full benefit of the air and heat; and in about three years they will have become tolerably rotten in parts. After the more rotten parts have been removed, they are placed in a slanting position; and about the middle of the month of June the first mushrooms will come forth in abundance. After these have been gathered, the logs are still kept, and submitted to the above process, and every morning they are steeped in water, and in the afternoon they are taken out and beaten with a mallet; they are then ranged on end in the same slanting position as before: and in two or three days' time mushrooms will again make their appearance. In some places it is the custom to beat the logs so heavily that the wood swells, and the bark splits, the latter growth of mushrooms of more than ordinarily large size. Should the logs become too much

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will greet themselves, and get up large clubs for the Saturday Post; or, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some one who will attend and canvass with us, and who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outclasses all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27, 1877.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

John Trumbull was the satirist par excellence of the American Revolution, and one of that glorious company of native literati who so ardently and enthusiastically devoted their minds and their pens to the cause of liberty at that period. Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys and Barlow—the first, of whom more anon, the second, a poet of considerable merit and long president of Yale College, the third, the biographer of Gen. Putnam and also a poet, and the last, the immortal author of "Hasty Pudding"—were bound together by no ordinary ties of friendship, patriotism and kindred inclinations. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, thirsting for literary fame, and, above all, fired united in the desperate desire to have the political independence of their country, they labored together for the accomplishment of their common ends with more than zeal. When success had crowned their efforts in every particular, when their names were indissolubly linked where as associated with writings not made to perish, and when the last remaining trace of British tyranny had been obliterated and eradicated from their land, they still continued to be the same unassuming, kind-hearted men, conscious of merit, certainly, yet never for one moment unduly elated by that consciousness. Their countrymen fully appreciated their services during the struggle with Great Britain, and after the war made compensation in the shape of various home and foreign appointments.

John Trumbull was the son of a well-educated and highly respected Congregational clergyman, and was born at Waterbury, Conn., April 24, 1750. From his earliest years he was delicate and sickly. His mother made a pet of him, and, as soon as he was old enough to learn, began teaching him the rudiments of education. His father's collection of books was small, and was made up chiefly of works on classical and theological subjects, but Addison's "Spectator" and Watts' Poems were on the old clergyman's shelves, and John devoured them with avidity. At an early age he was seized with the desire of writing verses, and having shown some of his poetical compositions to his parents, they ever afterwards, during his boyhood, encouraged him in his propensity. When he was five years old, his father took a lad of seventeen into his house to prepare him for college. John noticed the course of study pursued, and without the knowledge of anyone began to fit himself in like manner for Yale. In 1727, John and his father's pupil were both admitted to college, but the former, being adjudged too young, did not avail himself of his privilege until 1763, six years after wards. During this interval he studied such books as were taught at Yale, read considerably, and imitated, in prose and poetry, the styles of different standard English authors. At this period, his favorite poets were Milton, Dryden, Pope and Thomson.

In 1767, Trumbull graduated, but he remained a resident of the College for three years thereafter, engaged in assiduous cultivation of polite letters. Young Dwight, of his class, had made artistic and highly finished translations of two of Horace's finest Odes. Trumbull, always ready to recognize and encourage literary genius, sought him out, and thus began a friendship ended only by death. Solid learning, mathematics, theology, mathematic logic and languages then ruled the roast at Yale, and English poetry and belles lettres were utterly tabooed. Trumbull, Dwight and several other young men of genius united to effect a change for the better, and numerous and biting were their satires in prose and verse called forth by the situation. Opposition was manifested, but in the end the coalition triumphed and a salutary reform in the course of studies was effected. In 1769, in conjunction with several other gentlemen of ability, John wrote a number of essays in the style of the "Spectator." Part of these essays were published in a Boston paper, and the remainder in the New Haven journals. In 1771, Trumbull and Dwight were appointed tutors at Yale, and from that time polite literature had a firm foothold in the venerable institution. In 1772, John printed part first of his admirable poem, "The Progress of Dulness," the second and third parts following the next year. This poem, as it fully deserved to be, was sold to this day it yet maintains its reputation for satire, wit and elegance among critical readers.

Whilst a tutor at Yale, Trumbull studied law, and in 1773 he was admitted to the bar in Connecticut. Instead of commencing practice at once, however, he removed to Boston and studied for some time longer under John Adams, afterwards second President of the United States. He had not neglected the Muse during this period, but had published "Orpheus and Eurydice," the "Ode to Sleep," "Fable for a Young Lady," "The Prophecy of Baalam," "The Owl and the Sparrow," "Prospect of the Future Glory of America," "The Vanity of Youthful Expectations," "Address to Ladies of a Certain Age," "Characters," and "The Elegy on the Death of Mr. St. John." These poems, some light and humorous, and some grave and instructive, were all well received, and took their appropriate places in the sturdy American literature of the day. In Boston Trumbull found himself in the whirlpool of colonial politics. The rupture between the colonies and the mother country had already been sufficient to make the bolder spirits cry for war. Our hard joined in this cry with all the ardor of youth, and all the zeal of untempered enthusiasm. He aided with his pen in preparing the people for the coming contest. At this period he wrote his famous "Elegy on Ladies of a Certain Age," "Characters," and "The Elegy on the Death of Mr. St. John." These poems, some light and humorous, and some grave and instructive, were all well received, and took their appropriate places in the sturdy American literature of the day. In Boston Trumbull found himself in the whirlpool of colonial politics. The rupture between the colonies and the mother country had already been sufficient to make the bolder spirits cry for war. Our hard joined in this cry with all the ardor of youth, and all the zeal of untempered enthusiasm. He aided with his pen in preparing the people for the coming contest. At this period he wrote his famous "Elegy on Ladies of a Certain Age," "Characters," and "The Elegy on the Death of Mr. St. John."

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FALLING LEAVES.

BY OSSIA.

One by one they fall and fade,
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade,
Some in the bright and glowing noon,
Some 'neath the cold and quiet moon.
One after other here, one fallen there,
Till the ground is covered, the bough is bare
As every leaf shall perish then,
Some falling, falling, dying leaves.

One by one we fall and fade,
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade,
Some in the full and glorious light,
Some in the cold and quiet night.
One moment here, another there,
Till the soul is weary, the heart is bare;
As every leaf and pain recalls
Those falling leaves, those dying leaves.

DOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER," "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED-TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Now, girls," cried Rex eagerly—he had been wandering about the house all day, poor fellow, wishing the hours gone—"I am off to the station; mind and get tea and everything comfortable."

"Why, you are two hours too soon," said Mary, unsmiling her watch.

"Better wait at Melton than here," declared Rex. He put his head in again the moment after with "Don't forget the apricot jam, Mary." Dot ate them like apricot jam.

"You know papa wishes us to call her Dorothy, Reginald," said Margaret.

"You may call her any name you like," exclaimed Rex—"she's Dot to me; and you put that absurd idea into the governor's head, I know. Dorothy, indeed!" And he walked off.

"I hope Dorothy will have more sense than to behave as she used to do," said Margaret, fretfully. "Rex is just like a boy still."

"He isn't very old," excused Mary, pausing in adding up a long column of subscriptions.

"Isn't he, young Mary?" continued Margaret, impatiently stirring the fire. "Why, he is younger than Rex, and what a difference there is in their behavior!"

"Twenty-seven and six, thirty three," calculated Mary. "There certainly is a great difference between our boy and that young scapegrace, Margaret. Do leave the children alone. If you would only get some employment instead of fretting your time away!"

"May I come in?" asked a sweet voice at the door, which was pushed open a little way.

"Oh, do!" said Mary, and the door was opened a little wider, and there entered a young girl, "fromcher than the May with flouns newe," a merry, pleasant-eyed maiden dressed in blue serge and a blue felt hat, with a scarlet feather in it. She carried a little basket filled with moss, out of which peeped bunches of purple violets and a few primroses.

"I have brought these early violets to adorn your tea-table," she said, putting the basket down. "I am sure your sister will love to see some English violets again."

"That she will," agreed Mary, bending down to smell the flowers. "How sweet! Won't you stay and see her?"

"No, thanks—mamma is expecting me. I've been up the Fell for a scramble. Don't you enjoy this frosty weather, Miss Margaret?"

"No, indeed," Margaret answered coldly. "Rain is better than this, Miss Murphy, to my thinking."

"No luck says," the young visitor answered. "But I must be off. Good-bye, Miss Warn e—good-bye, Miss Margaret."

"It's like Lisbeth, to think of such a pretty gift," said Mary, taking the flowers up again and admiring them. "I wonder you can be cold to her, Margaret."

"My dear Mary, you are always so easily gulled. As if Lisbeth Murphy's pretty little attention to us hadn't a very strong motive—Rex!"

"Do not make such accusations," said Mary, taking up her pen again. "You could say the same thing with regard to your visits to Mrs. Murphy."

"Her mother is the best judge," said Margaret, sharply. "And you know Jack is her favorite."

"Jack Murphy is a good looking rascal," said Mary, in her easy way. "Who but he would live on a mother's pension, instead of working!"

"He's waiting to get some work."

"A second Micawber. Well, don't let us quarrel about the Murphys. I want to finish my work before Dot comes."

"Dorothy," corrected Margaret.

"Dorothy, then. I am all anxiety to see the dear child. Aren't you?"

"Of course," was Margaret's reply.

Mary finished her work, and looked to see if some had docked the tea-table to the best advantage, that the flowers in the centre vase, and then went out into the porch, and looked along the white road. She had not long to wait. In a few moments a cab came rolling rapidly to the gate.

"Margaret!" called Mary; and she went down the path between the high box hedges to the gate.

"Here she is!" cried Rex in a voice of triumph, jumping down.

Mr. Warne got out, and then turned round.

"Welcome home, my little Dot," he said, as he helped his daughter out. "I've brought her back safe, Mary."

"Oh, Mary," whispered Dot, putting her arms round her sister's neck, "I am so glad to come home again!"

Mary kissed her fondly, and put her back at arm's length to look at her.

"Why, Dot, you've grown up like the flower of the flock after all! But how delicate you look, dear!"

"She has had a and time of it, poor child," said her father. "Let us have some tea, Mary. Where's Margaret?"

Margaret was waiting in the porch. Dot never guessed the meaning of the look that came into her sister's eyes in that first moment. She was too laughingly happy at finding herself again to mix anything from Margaret's greeting.

"Isn't she a pet, papa?" exclaimed Rex, when Dot took off her hat and, blushing, loosed from her father to her brother.

"She is the living image of her dear mother," replied the Vicar, with a sigh, glancing up at the portrait of his wife on the mantelpiece.

Dot had promised, when a girl, to be short and rather stout, and to have no beauty save that of a pair of splendid eyes. But time had changed her. She had left home a somewhat ordinary-looking child; she came back a most beautiful girl, tall and graceful. Her features were now moulded in the most exquisite harmony; her wonderful eyes were brighter and more liquid than ever. Her dark hair was coiled in thick rolls round her small head.

That night Margaret, sitting at the tea-table, opposite to her sister, criticised her keenly, and knew that Dot was unconsciously beating her with her own weapons. She could have borne with Dot if she had been ugly, or even not ordinary as Lisbeth Murphy; but she could not love this Dot, this beautiful girl, whose brown skin had acquired the most charming of brunette tints, with warm rich color glowing under it, like that on the sunny side of a peach. Yes, Margaret hated with all the strength of her sullen nature this Dot who spoke so charmingly, so thoroughly like an educated woman, who had no pleasant, as original, as bewitching a manner as of old.

"They were all so kind to me," said Dot, her eyes full of tears as she talked of her absence. "Aunt Jane was like a mother to me."

"But you have not forgotten us," put in Rex: keeping more apricot jam on her plate.

She answered him by a look.

"I don't think I have forgotten a single person in Melton Lea."

"Not even Arthur Ellesden?" said Rex saucily.

"Any one in Melton Lea, I said," Dot answered with a laugh. "But I certainly haven't forgotten Arthur. Why I had a letter from him last week."

"You are faithful correspondents," said Mary, smiling. "Will you read us its contents?"

"Conjure it not," replied Dot?" interjected Rex, alluding to Arthur's favorite motto.

"You are not a child any longer," continued Margaret, with a grave air of an elder sister. Dot opened her brown eyes, and Rex hastened to answer.

"Don't have any chronology to-night, Margaret. Dot's Dot. Personal remarks are unbearable."

"Arthur is going to be successful, I think," said the Vicar, in a conciliatory manner with which he generally joined in the family conversation.

"Is he going to be married?" asked Margaret looking keenly at Dot, who smiled merrily at the idea.

"Arthur going to be married! Why, I am sure he would have told me. Have you heard it, Rex?"

"Arthur is too busy wooing the daughter of Success not to think of any other bride," said Rex, with a sly look at Dot.

"Whose daughter?" asked Mary, as she lifted the cover of the urn to see if more water were wanted.

"Oceanus, Esq. She is commonly called Dame Fortune."

"Oh!" said Mary, and they all laughed.

"He will soon marry some other beautiful 'blues' he spoke about on his last visit," remarked Margaret,

"Some? Pshe Arthur?" said Rex. "I hate strong-minded women."

"You are too bad," laughed Dot. "You would turn Girton into an academy of plain sewing and have made Mrs. Somerville learn cook ing."

"Precisely. Why can't women be happy in the station in which they have been placed by Providence—the domestic hearth?" And the young man looked round with a great air of superiority on his sisters.

"You old goose!" remarked Dot, very much amused. "Dear Rex, you shall be still a lord of creation—I won't try to compete with you."

"Thanks," he answered, laughing; and then tea was over, and they all went out for a stroll round the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

Rex had to go back to college about a week after Dot's return; Margaret went off on a visit to some London friends; and Dot would have found it lonely—for Mary was no companion, dear soul as she was—if a close friendship had not sprung up between Lisbeth Murphy and herself. Dot had never had a girl-friend before, and the impulsive Irish girl was after her own heart.

The two were together nearly all day through that bright blustering February. Lisbeth told Dot about her father, an Indian officer, had died, leaving the widow a scanty pension to maintain herself and two children. The boy had been well educated, but he could not afford to go home, unless by excusing him as well she as could. "And," she concluded, "he is so handsome and clever."

Dot, whose experience of brothers was confined to Rex, could not understand Lisbeth's feelings as regarded Jack. She knew that her self and yet she could not help feeling ashamed of him.

"I wish," Lisbeth said one day, "that we had come to Melton Lea before last Summer. If Jack could have known your brother Reginald years ago, I am sure it would have done him good." And Lisbeth blushed as she spoke —a warm honest blush that Dot did not see, for she was looking straight before her across the meadows.

The two girls were seated a little way up the Fell on a great stone among the faded heather. They had taken their flats off, and the breeze blew freshly in their faces, both so frank and pleasant, and Dot's so beautiful.

"He is coming back to-morrow," said Lisbeth, with a sigh. "I always dread his coming. Poor mamma worries and frets, but I am afraid we are in debt." She added this in a half-whisper, bending a little to catch Dot's dark eyes. They looked steadfastly into hers with grave sympathy.

"My dear, couldn't you do some work?" said Dot, the younger girl, but possessing the stronger, deeper natures.

"I have thought of that. It must come, of course. I could get a good situation now if I had only passed the Cambridge examination. Don't think I should be ashamed to work, but I do mean good honest work at home, unless I were to get a fair salary. If I could only get through the examination;"

"Can't you, dear?"

"Oh, I should never dare to try! I have no nerve."

"I would try," urged Dot energetically. "Don't think of being plucked, but boldly go for the examination."

"Set me the example," was Lisbeth's laughing answer.

"Well, I will. I'll go in with you, and we'll go together."

"How energetic you are, Dot! But what is to be done? I'm all in the dark. 'Follow my leader' is my game at present."

"I'll write to Mrs. Harrowby at Norwich. I saw her name in the papers the other day as secretary to the local centre there. Lisbeth, I wish you could have known my Aunt Polly! She was the cleverest lady I ever knew, and she was thoughtful, knew so thoroughly the best thing to be done, and the right moment to do it in. She was a tower of strength to us."

"I have a favorable pyramid to aspire to," said Lisbeth, taking hold of her friend's hand, and fondly smoothing it.

"Oh, don't speak so!" requested Dot. "I think I will write to Mrs. Harrowby at once."

"No, please don't," said Lisbeth hurriedly, and coloring warmly. "Please keep it all a secret. Oh, do, Dot, do!"

"Why?"

"Oh—I don't know! Everybody will laugh so. I know I shall fail if any one knows. We can manage it, Dot. I have a little snuggery at home where we can work steadily, and no one so much together that no one will wonder. I wouldn't have it known for the world."

"Not even to Rex?" queried Dot.

"No, nobody," replied Lisbeth. "If you don't want to make me awfully miserable you'll keep it secret. They would call me a 'blue' directly."

"Little coward!" said Dot, laughing. "But I'll keep the secret, though, you goose, it must be known when we go up."

"That won't be for an age, and you know, when I get the situation, I can bear it better, for I shall be away. But don't tell while I am here. Promise me, dear, dear Dot."

"Don't I promise? I won't tell a soul—not even Rex or Arthur—though it will seem queer to have a secret from them. I have never had before."

"How fond you are of Arthur Ellesden, Dot?"

"I should think I was. He and Rex have always been my brothers. He is such a dear, good fellow."

"But very shy to most people," said Lisbeth. "Ah, you don't know him! But let us go up to the Fell, and I will show you where we used to sit and Arthur would tell us stories."

The next day Dot wrote to Mrs. Harrowby, and received an answer by return post, with full particulars as to the course of study required and the books necessary to be read. The examination was in June.

"It is a short work hard," said Dot, as they talked it over. "I will come to you every morning for four hours, and we must read alone besides."

Lisbeth was glad to set to work. She was well read and had a good knowledge of the subjects to be prepared, so the morning hours in the little attic oped pleasantly by. No one interfered with them. Margaret was still away, and Mary, after a visit of a few hours, had gone again, so the girls were free to spend their whole time over their books if they pleased, and the greater part of each day was spent there. In Lisbeth's "den" or up on the Fell when the weather grew warmer, and they could study, sitting in the shadow of the rowan trees, with the fresh breeze fluttering the pages of their grave books.

March passed and Easter drew near. Just before Passion Week Jack Murphy came home, and the day after Margaret returned. The two girls had been up on the Fell all morning, reading Bacon. About one o'clock they were returning, their books under their arms, talking and laughing in high spirits, when they came upon Jack Murphy, who was sitting on the meadow close to the Fell. He had his hat off, and the wind was blowing his warmly tinted curly hair about his forehead.

Before Lisbeth noticed him Dot had marked the wonderfully attractive face that was turned slightly from her. He was the handsomest man Dot had ever seen in her life, and it was no wonder her heart beat a little faster at Lisbeth's cry—"Jack, why, I thought you were at Boulogne!"

Jack jumped up like a young Apollo radiant with youth, dowered with strength. He was not thinking about himself just then. He was looking at Dot, as Lisbeth introduced them; he had no thought of aught else in the world but of that face, which a moment before was turned from him. Jack turned and smiled by Dot's side, feeling that all his life he had been seeking those dark lustrous eyes. They had haunted him in his dreams, he had seen them in a thousand times, and that morning he should be met their living glance, and looked upon the face that for weal or for woe was his fate.

The grave touch of Dot's cool hand seemed to linger on his, as he sat in the little sitting-room and talked to his mother.

"And you are coming to stay, Jack?" asked Lisbeth, a little irritably.

"No, no," replied Lisbeth hurriedly.

He said nothing more then; but that evening, as he walked with his sister so call at the Vicarage, he told her some news that made Lisbeth's warm heart echo and her hand cling more tightly to her brother's strong arm.

"My chance has come at last," he said. "Don't tell mother yet, Lisbeth, but I have got an appointment in India."

"Oh, Jack, are you really going?"

"Yes; my letter just now was to accept. I shan't leave for three months. Why, 'Beth'—for Lisbeth was crying—"I thought you would be glad to get rid of me! You ought to be glad."

"I am. It is right you should go. But you will be all alone, dear."

"Not quite alone. He turned from the subject with feverish restlessness.

"Your friend, Miss Warne," he said at length, "is very unlike her sister. Has she been long back from Germany?"

"Only a month or two. Isn't she beautiful?"

Jack did not answer this question either. Another inquiry was trembling on his lips.

"I suppose she is engaged to some German, isn't she?"

"Dot? Oh, no! She is fancy-free, I believe. I know she is not engaged."

"What a queer name Dot is for such a stately young lady. What is her true name?"

"Dorothy," replied Lisbeth. "Quaint and pretty, is it not? Dorothy one fancies as a little brown household fairy—not as such a Queen of Beauty. Yet it suits her too. She is strong and true, Jack, and as good as gold."

When they came in sight of the house, she was leaning over the garden gate talking to an old woman. Her dress of dark blue warm light was glinting on her dark tresses, which were wreathed in a rich coronal round her stately little head. Her simple morning dress was changed for one of black silk, made with a square cut bodice and trimmed with white crape and tulle. A necklace and cross of jet, with earrings to match, were her ornaments.

Lisbeth drew back a little, and let her brother talk. She liked to see them together. His fair, warmly-tinted beauty had never looked so well as in contrast with Dot's rich dark bloom and jet black locks. "Fate intends them for each other," thought Lisbeth, admiring the pretty picture.

Presently the Vicar came from the village. He was very fond of Lisbeth's bright talk, so they walked along the garden paths together while Dot and Jack followed slowly, and Mary was well content to be left at peace with her accounts in the drawing room.

Dot forgot her prejudice against Lisbeth's brother. Who could remember anything against one so fair and frank as Jack?

"I have been waiting for an appointment," he told her, "and have been very hard to wait so long, for you know how poor we are."

"And have you one?" asked Dot, surprised and pleased.

"Yes, at last. I must start for India in three months. Don't tell any one, Miss Warne; I hardly know what I have told you. It will wish you could have known my Aunt Polly! She was the best friend I ever had, except Mary. She was thoughtful, knew so thoroughly the best thing to be done, and the right moment to do it in. She was a tower of strength to us."

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THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

The little grandmother
Is very old and gray;
Her head is much frost-worn,
Her feet are much foot-worn.

Three little girls there be:
One is a little maid
A little boy stood during
A little baby lay at night.

Eight little grandmothers
Dressed one after seven;
A widow had counted one,
And then there were seven.

Seven little grandmothers
Sleeping on the floor;
Each had a little boy to tuck
Then there were four.

Four little grandmothers
Found a dozen out;
Had a hard time counting
Then there lost three.

Three little grandmothers
Suffering the losses of years;
Tried to cheer the river;
Then there were not two.

One little grandmother
Closed good by at the door;
Shut her eyes and went "Homeo"
With nine millions more.

ZOE.

The evening sun calm and serene after the horrors of the storm—the air breathed a balmy and refreshing coolness, and the turbulent waves were lulled into soft tranquillity.

Upon a high, projecting rock of one of the islets of the Archipelago stood a light and stylish figure in an attitude of anxious suspense. Her dress was of Attic fold.

It was a young female, on whose sweet countenances, the first blossoms of youth had scarcely quickened into ripeness.

Her rich, unbraided hair dreamed wildly on the breeze.

A light, flowing garment hung loosely on her beauteous form, and more enhanced her youthful charms than all the ornaments of art.

The second convulsions of the pelting rain, then, after the first fierce burst of the storm, had fallen gently and steadily.

Her delicate limbs were drenched, but she seemed not to feel the piercing chilliness for the powers of her soul were intent on an object that absorbed her self in her solicitude.

Her eyes were bent in wild earnestness to search the island of Ipsara.

During the day large and undulating columns of smoke had issued from that island, and fearful shouts had echoed that some fresh calamity had befallen it; that the savage Turk had signalized his rage against his victims by some new act of barbarity.

Zoe, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather, had remained many an hour on that high and craggy point.

Towards evening everything was again serene and clear; her eyes were strained to catch any object from the dear spot that contained all she prized most in life, for there, in that ill-fated Ipsara, dwelt Mariotti—Mariotti, the fond associate of her infancy—the ardent friend of her youth—her own betrothed lover. And now the sky grew clearer from the fierce conflict of the elements, one bright crystalean expanse surrounded the huge and shapeless cloud that had collected the fury of the storm.

The wide bosom of the sea looked smooth and still, as if fatigued with the foregoing conflict, and Zoe gazed eagerly over the waters, when, to her surprise and delight, she perceived she fancied she perceived a little black speck dancing on the liquid element.

The object approached nearer, it enlarged safely, and at length became clearly discernible: it was a skiff rowed by two unhappy beings, who strained their utmost energy to gain a point of land.

Below the rock where Zoe stood lay a broad, sandy beach, favorable to disembarking, and the skiff made its way towards that side. More firmly and unremittingly the two bosoms now plied their oars, and after some successful efforts at length landed, though with apparently exhausted by their toil.

They were Greeks, and had escaped from the island of Ipsara.

Zoe hastened with anxious looks to meet them, eager to gather the intelligence on which all her future hopes were to rest.

The eldest of the two strangers overpowered with fatigue, had already thrown himself on the cover of a sheltering rock, whilst his younger companion, who appeared in the first bloom of manhood, was seen tottling slowly to meet the inquiring looks of the fair girl, whose figure had been the beacon he held in view on the top of that picturesque cliff.

Soon their eyes met—and Zoe, uttering a cry of surprise and joy, fell, overpowered by contending emotions, into the arms of the youthful stranger.

It was Mariotti, her own betrothed, but alas! in what a deplorable condition did he now approach here her sight—how different from the gay Accoutrement and rich attire of a fortunate Levigroom!

Strong grief was marked on his lovely countenance—a silent horror seemed to have frozen his power of speech.

It was pale some de[illegible] secret was unveiling at his breast, his whole air bespoke the presence of some fearful calamity, and the sanity and proprietor of his mind seemed to have confirmed the sad carnivore of the astonished girl.

"Oh, my Mariotti," she cried, in emotion, after the first gush of feelings had subsided, "speak to me! what occasions the wild confusion in which you return thus terrified to your Zoe? This was the day—the happy day appointed for our union. Oh, my friend, was the day diffused in the first fainting rays I hastened to behold thy approach. Alas! the day passed in dread suspense, and still I vainly looked, full of fearful anticipations. First, the storm, with rage and violence to blight all my hopes, and, when the earth and skies again smile, then comest, not with a gay concourse of merry boats, but in a solitary skiff, and with all the signs of unutterable distress!"

"Weep, my Zoe, weep!" cried mournfully the young Greek, for this day, marked by us to be the happiest of our existence, is to me the death blow of all my hopes—the day of misery unbounded—the loss of joys never to be redeemed. Look on yonder island—my country—the ill-fated Ipsara. See! the fiery pestilence has drawn a pall still rise and blacken the atmosphere. Alas for my country!—woe to her children!—Ipsara is no more!"

Mariotti sank to the ground overpowered by his feelings, and the astonished Zoe, with nestling accents, threw her mossy arm convulsively round his neck, and endeavored to calm his agitation. But the Greek lacked in passive power to bid farewell, and he saw the tears streaming from her open, his agony seemed to receive additional strength.

He could not speak; but, to the words of Zoe's inquiry, he pointed to the smoking island.

"Zoe," he cried, "I am now the only being left me in this miserable world."

"What mysst thou, Mariotti?" eagerly demanded the affrighted girl.

"The end, my dear Zoe," replied her lover, with fearful tranquillity.

"Thy venerable father, thy brave brothers, and—"

"I am now no more; their ashes are mingling with those of our fallen city. Oh, my Zoe! I am now a solitary wanderer in this world, and but for thee, and the wild excitement—the blind of revenge—that kindles in my bosom—yonder sea should ere this moment have been my sepulchre, for I could not survive so much misery. But thou, my sweet flower, art left exposed to the blighting storm, without a protecting tree to defend thy blossoms from the raging wind and the tempest. I must live to deplore my country's doom—live without the happiness of all my kindred—without a parent or a brother and a friend. I may not dream of happiness, alas! whilst my family and my fellow countrymen lie unburied and wave, unwept. No, here in the name of Heaven, I renounce all the joys which this life can confer, intensely delightful as they must be—united to thee, my Zoe! Yes, I renounce all, to dedicate the powers of my wretched existence to the service of my suffering country."

Zoe made no answer, but a flood of tears relieved the overpowering load of grief that oppressed her bosom.

She cast a melancholy look on her lover, which implied her readiness to abide by his decision.

The flattering hopes which had been cyed up her heart withered away, and she seemed to collect all her strength of soul to endure a life of woe in place of the happiness she had expected that day.

Under such circumstances joy to them seemed almost criminal, and the unfortunate bride readily perceived the justice and propriety of her lover's determination.

"Yes, my dear Zoe," he resumed, in a tone of deep sorrow, "I came but to see thee again, to take a sad, perhaps a last farewell, and then return to scenes where war rages more fiercely, and where the exertions of every Greek are more than ever needed. Oh, my venerable father—my gallant brothers—here I solemnly swear neither to rest, nor enjoy the common pleasures of this world until I see your barbarous murder amply avenged!"

The unfortunate lover remained some time immersed in grief, such as a son and a brother can only know; but at the first glimpses of night were now spreading over the neighboring cliffs, which stood like a spectral throng lengthening on the clear, tranquil waters below.

Evening had declined, and to the soft murmurs of that quiet hour now succeeded the fearful scream of the sea bird, and the night breeze moaning round the cliffs.

A feeling of unspeakable loneliness had followed the gloom and horror of the day.

It was time to depart.

Mariotti tenderly clasped to his agitated breast the half-lifeless form of his disconsolate betrothed, and with one sudden effort sprang to depart.

Zoe intimated to arrest his steps, but with tearful eyes and dismal silence she watched the departure of her wretched lover.

Mariotti and his companion were soon in the slender boat, skimming along the quiet waves.

Zoe fixed her eyes on that one dear object; a sorrowful void in the mind—that scarf was stooped in her tears.

A gale rose up and swept the little boat from sight, and a settled gloom fell on the heart of the solitary maid.

Once more she strained her sight to behold the beloved object.

It was in vain.

Night had already enveloped the wide sea, and no object was to be discerned.

Thus, with a bursting heart, she returned to her home, there to weep through the tedious night the wreck of all her fondest expectations in the world.

Meanwhile Mariotti, as wretched as the heartless bride he left behind, sped swiftly to Nicaria, where the most resolute of his countrymen were preparing to renew a desperate struggle with their oppressors.

We will not follow the many adventures, or rather the long series of misfortunes, that marked the succeeding days of the young Greek.

After a variety of hardships he at length joined the gallant and devoted men who defended their liberty at the ever-memorable siege of Missolonghi.

There he fought bravely, desperately; and there, when the Turks took possession of the place, he was found covered with wounds and apparently breathing his last.

In a state of insensibility he was carried to an humble shed in the suburbs, and there some charitable hand sought to afford every reasonable relief that might mitigate the bitterness of his last moments, for, alas! every hope of his recovery was gone.

Mariotti long lay in a state of delirium.

For two whole weeks he lay in total unconsciousness of what was passing around him. On the third the fever abated.

He opened his eyes and cast a mournful and inquiring look about him.

Strange he should find himself in company with a Turk! and a boy, thereby a native of Turkish habit, appeared by air and language to belong to the Greeks.

The boy approached his miserable pallet, and put his finger to his lip, as if to enjoin his silence till the old Turk retired.

The young attendant, to whose kindly offices Mariotti was so largely indebted, now affectingly said:

"That old man is my Master; in his presence I dared not unfold my mind to you, for I am no Turk, but a Greek by birth, a native of Scio."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Mariotti, with a start. "It is now nearly two years since I last saw that place. But why bring to my memory those sad recollections? My friend," he continued in a feeble tone, "the time for me to retain entrust the last bequest of a dying man. Take this, it contains a lock of hair of one so dear to this bosom as we have both been unfortunate. I feel that my days are few, but I live—but a few moments have I to breathe this painful air, and these shall be employed in calling a blessing on my poor Zoe, and thanking thee, my good friend, for all the solicitude and kind attention me."

As he said this the young Greek observed that his attendant was overpowered with emotion, and seized his weeping hand.

He looked tidently on the pallid and sorrowful face of the boy.

The impulse of sorrow—a sort of natural instinct, caused him to put the question which the boy her reclined on his dying bed, Mariotti uttered a faint cry of mingled surprise and joy.

"My Zoe! my own Zoe! Heaven be praised, I see those ears again before I die!"

He extended his feeble hands towards his desolate love.

She took them and lashed them to her tears; but she could not speak.

In a transe of grief they remained unconscious of everything but each other.

Meantime death was hastening to secure his victim.

His eyes grew dim; his lips became colorless; the power of utterance seemed to desert him; but, with great effort, he announced the failing energies of his sinking soul, and, in a trembling voice, said:

"Heaven bless thee, my own Zoe. Dupuis not; look to the mercies of God. I die for my country; do this service—follow the holy cause—and I shall meet thee in a happier world. Adieu, a better world, where no separation—adieu, my beautiful, my faithful friend—adieu, my Zoe!"

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[illegible] yonder Zoe trustingly [illegible]

[illegible] friend, shall not thou to despair, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"Papa," said Will Elliott, as they were returning from an early ride to the adjacent town, "suppose we stop at Keating's. We can't answer Philip's letter until we see Lucy and her mother."

"Perhaps we had better do so, but if we do, Will, try to remember that the safety of your friend depends upon your prudence."

"I thought you meant to tell them about him. They are feeling badly, and Lucy, poor little girl, looks so thin and pale."

"Lucy looked pale you say, looking so thin and pale?" asked Mr. Elliott, with a gesture of surprise.

"Oh!" Will answered, blushing, "I have seen her several times. I often meet her when I am out sailing, and once I was over at the house. I promised Phil. I would take care of her."

Mr. Elliott laughed: "I hope you have not been trying to console her with your confidence?"

"No, indeed. I only intimated that there need be no alarm about Philip, and Lucy cried, and was so thankful. You just ought to have heard all the other things the girls were saying."

"I have no doubt of it, Will. Did you kiss her, and dry her tears?"

"Now you are laughing at me!" answered the boy, in an injured tone.

By this time they had reached the house, and, dismounting from their horses, they were received at the door by Mrs. Bunting.

"I am particularly glad to see you, sir," she said to Mr. Elliott. "Hector has gone over to The Elms,' expecting to find Philip there. Oh! Mr. Elliott, what trouble there is about our poor boy!"

"Yes, it is a sad affair, and very cruel, too. What is the cause of it all?"

"It is an enigma," replied Mrs. Bunting, that I cannot solve. You know the boy's history: born in the poor-house, adopted into the family, and treated as a son by Hector for many years. This I thought was all, but now I find there is something more that I cannot understand, and I fear some great misfortune is about to overtake us."

"Will," said Mr. Elliott, turning to his son, "go back to Lucy, and give her the new books you have brought for her. And now," continued he, as the boy left the room, "if you do not object, I would like you to tell me the nature of your fears. I am interested for the boy, and I promised him I would lend you a helping hand also, during his absence, should there be need of it. This I cannot do unless I know the difficulties of your situation."

"A feeling of uneasiness has always possessed me with regard to Philip, ever since he was brought, a baby a few months old, under our roof," said Mrs. Bunting. "How well I remember that cold, stormy night. The babe was a sweet babe, and, in the care of him, I found solace for the recent loss of my own little boy. Hector was accompanied by another man having the appearance of a gentleman, who carried the babe in his arms. Was it strange the thought should strike me that the poor-house had never sent forth this child?"

"Did your question open the subject at once?"

"I did, but he laughed at my distrust, and I tried to rest under his assurance that everything was right."

"And the stranger. Did he never come again?"

"Yes, at long intervals. Hector said he came from a friendly interest he took in the child. Of late he has appeared again, and in a new character, which has aroused all my old suspicions, for I heard him using angry threats and demanding that Philip should be immediately sought for, for said Hector, the boy was now of age, should be spared to recover possession of him. Hector and he went off together down the road, and from their gestures I knew they were having a stormy interview. Hector is greatly changed. He is restless and unhappy, and, I know, dreads the visits of this mysterious man."

As Mrs. Bunting concluded, she started up from beside the window, where she had been sitting, with a suppressed scream.

"Oh! Mr. Elliott," she exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "he is coming, that terrible man, and is coming straight towards the house. What shall I do?"

"There is nothing to fear, Madam. I will see him for you," answered Mr. Elliott, and as he advanced to the door a hard rap was heard upon it.

The amazed look that settled upon the visitor's face at his eyes encountered the form of Mr. Elliott, so unexpectedly presented before him, showed that they were not strangers to each other. For a moment the man stood as if stupefied; then, with a slight hesitation, in an embarrassed manner he inquired for the miller, and hurried away.

"So," thought Mr. Elliott, as he rode home, "the scoundrel Maitland is at the bottom of this affair! There must be something radically wrong if he is concerned in it. Stop, let me think——a baby! This child was left at the door on the stormy night which this man was connected so long ago. What if this Philip should be——! Ah! but that poor babe died and was buried. There was another resemblance of that. Hector's position might have been practiced. Such villainies always come to light, and this may be a clue to the one's elucidation! The thing shall not rest here. I will sift it to the bottom. How confounded Maitland looked when he saw me! An unexpected meeting it was, truly, to both of us!"

Mr. Elliott and Mr. Elliott rode early, for the painful thoughts and feelings, caused by his encounter with Maitland, had strewed his pillow with thorns. After partaking of his breakfast, he shut himself up in his study, and opening an escritoire, took from it a diary he had been keeping for many years. After searching its pages diligently for contents, he rested his finger on a paragraph which he attentively scanned. It was dated Oct. 5th, 18—2, and read thus:

"To-day Eva Templemore died. It is the anniversary of her eighteenth birthday, and the second of her unfortunate marriage. What a gigantic fortune descends to the little thread of humanity, her orphan boy, who is left to the mercy of her cold, pitiless brother."

Inserting a strip of paper to mark the page, he turned over the leaves until he found the following:

"March 5, 18—2.—Eva's poor little boy was buried to-day in his mother's grave. Emperor Maitland, the next of kin, inherits the property, and the nurse and babe are at rest in a safe haven, where rude tempests will never reach them more."

Mr. Elliott pondered over these two paragraphs in deep thought; then closing the book, he counted the number of years that had elapsed from the time of the child's death to the present date. "Sixteen years exactly!" he exclaimed, as he struck his hand violently upon the table; then, rising from his chair, he rang for a servant, and ordered his carriage prepared for him. For a few moments he walked rapidly up and down the apartment, then, equipping himself for his ride, he entered the carriage, and, gathering up the reins, drove quickly away.

"What in the world ails papa?" cried Will Elliott, as on hearing the clatter of the horses' hoofs he ran to the door, just in time to see his father's carriage vanish in the distance. "We were to study Euclid to-day and he must have forgotten it. I wonder where he is riding in such hot haste this morning?"

* * * * * * *

Philip's life with his new friends was much more congenial to him than the old one at Experimental Hill, and he would have been perfectly happy could he have shaken off the feeling, that was always oppressing him, that Lucy and her mother were suffering on account of his absence. No fear of the miller ever troubled him, because he had a strong faith in Mr. Elliott's power to protect him from all harm in that quarter. He had already, at Mr. Elliott's suggestion, commenced the study of law with Mr. Hopkins, and as there was no lack of good society in W——, his evening ware always spent pleasantly and profitably, for Mr. Hopkins' domestic business was over at the office, so it there until to-morrow, and went home, free from care, intent on enjoyment with his family.

Mrs. Hopkins was the companion and confidante of her children. Without being overindulgent, she generally managed to have some little matter on hand for their amusement, in which even the little ones, at times, were called upon to take part. The elder ones occasionally attended lectures, went to concerts and sometimes visited the theatre, but always accompanied by their parents, and, truth to tell, the young people would have thought the entertainment of the evening incomplete without them.

The family were church-going people. Nettie, with her fine soprano voice, sang in the choir, and all the girls were members of the Dorcas society, even down to little Alice. "They must learn to be useful," Mrs. Hopkins said, and it was beautiful to see how the little ones could do when the needle upon occasion. Edgar and Philip were teachers in the Sunday School, where all the children, boys and girls, were regular attendants.

Nettie was a sweet-tempered, amiable girl, and Philip and she soon became warm friends. Susie, with her round, rosy, smiling face, was ever doing the kind some kindness, while little Alice seemed to be the sun upon every evening, along with those she gave to her father and Edgar. Indeed, he was a general favorite with all the children, and Edgar declared that he was dying with jealousy on account of it.

The influence of the society into which Philip was now thrown had a tendency to soften down all the rough points in his character. His address, heretofore shy and retiring, became unembarrassed and courteous, and in the handsome, manly lad he had grown to be one would scarcely recognize the poor-house boy of Experiment Hill.

One evening, just after Mr. Hopkins and the boys had reached home, there was a general outcry among the children, for Philip's right arm was bound up in splints and suspended in a bandage from his shoulder.

"Softly, softly, dears," said Mr. Hopkins; "you shall know all about it in good time, only let us get into the house first."

"Oh, my poor boy!" cried Mrs. Hopkins, as she passed her arm lovingly around Philip's shoulders. "Tain looks serious, indeed."

"Come to the sofa, Philip," said Nettie. "You look so pale and tired."

"Oh, I am so sorry! so sorry!" cried Susie, with tears in her eyes.

"There is something to lay his poor arm on," little Alice said, with great concern expressed in her sorrowful blue eyes, as she tugged a great pillow, as large as herself, that she had brought down stairs from her mother's bed, for Philip's use. "See how pretty it is, all trimmed around with splendid lace!"

"Let me tie him's poor sore han'," little Laurie cried at the top of his voice, as he made his way to Philip's knee. "Nober mine, tousin," he continued, with quivering lips. "Papa 'll 'ip the naughty man 'at hurted oo!"

Philip laughed as he listened. "I am sure," he said, "it is worth fifty times the pain the trifling hurt has caused me to receive so much sympathy from you all," and with his uninjured hand he assisted the climbing Laurie to his knee, who looked around in triumph at his wonderful achievement.

"It was really a daring feat the boy did today," Mr. Hopkins said to his wife, after the young people had departed that night.

"Do tell me all about it," she said. "What with Philip's protestation of having done nothing, and your halting account, I cannot understand it at all! Do you say it was Mr. Leighton's horse that ran away?"

"Yes; those new ponies he drives. If you had seen the infuriated beasts, covered with foam, tearing along the road, you would not have thought it a trifling affair of a fellow would have dared to touch them!"

"And there were older and abler men looking on, I have no doubt. Did none of them attempt to help him?"

"Phil, had more presence of mind than the whole of them put together. He took the situation in at a glance. The horses went by with the reckless fury of fiends, while Mr. Leighton, thrown to the bottom of the carriage, was trying in vain to regain possession of the lines, which had escaped from his grasp as he fell. Philip rushed by me, across the open lot before I had an idea of his intention, and got to the other road just as the horses were turning the corner, with the traces broken and the reins hanging loose from them, adding greatly to their mad fright. With a will he rushed out, and ere I could get near him was holding the animals by their heads. Would you believe it? Such wonder boy held them until they were brought into subjection. Mr. Leighton was uninjured, and was amused, as well he might be, when he saw the delivering team of fiends.

"What did Mr. Leighton say?"

"Everything that was good and kind, as he always does. He held Philip's hands in his, called him a true hero, and said that it was a fearful risk for one so young to encounter. But Philip told him it was no great thing for a boy to do who had been used to horses all his life, and after seeing Mr. Leighton safe in his carriage again, for the old gentleman insisted that all danger was over, he went back to the office."

"Who attended to his arm? Mr. Leighton might at least have waited until the doctor arrived."

"We did not know it was hurt, and it was only after this gentleman's unwonted exertion in the look of it, that I discovered the bone was broken. By this time the boy was turning pale, and I sent for Dr. Coleman. It was a painful operation, reducing the fracture, for the parts were swollen, and Philip fainted before it was over!"

"Poor boy! I am astonished you did not send for me at once. Where was Edgar all this time?"

"I did think of sending for you, Helen, but Philip said he would not have you needlessly alarmed. Ned was off on business, up in Carlyle street, or we should have had more broken limbs to take care of, I suppose."

"Very likely," answered Mrs. Hopkins, "I am thankful that my boys, whatever else they may be, are not cowards, and will never bring a blush to their mother's cheek on that account."

"Twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Mr. Hopkins, as a little French timepiece chimed out the hour. "Come, my dear, put out the lights and let us retire. We shall, I fear, be sad laggards in the morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Deaf Musician.

The foregoing title was the inscription I read in antique characters upon the tarnished doorplate as I rang the bell.

Simultaneously with the faint tinkle in the basement there arose a weird noise, half shriek, half laugh, such nerve-racking wails as proceed from any human lips—almost fiendish in its first wild fierceness, and then gradually dying away in accents of despairing piteousness.

I started backward in surprise, but was still standing confused and bewildered, when a young girl opened the door, and as I asked to see Mr. Ballendrant I could not keep my eyes from scanning her countenance, which struck me as being the fairest and most expressive I had ever seen.

Not of the florid type of beauty. No golden hair and melting azure eyes. Hair of rich dark brown, massive and heavy, while brow, eyes of a deep dark gray, true womanly eyes, eloquent to those who could read them aright, with a story of mingled strength of mind and faithful love.

Her figure small and delicate, yet with a symmetry that told of health; while her features were regular and her teeth pearly white. Yet there was something in her face with all its other beauty that bore the look one had sometimes observed through the Summer of her youth.

I could not help noticing the troubled expression, almost a look of pain, that swept over her features as I spoke, and I hastened to explain that I had a letter of introduction from a professor of the college where I had studied, stating I wished to take some lessons on the violin, and thinking he might be disposed to instruct me.

Again the troubled look intensified, if anything. She did not reply, however, but led the way into a desolate little parlor, and, asking me to be seated, went out, closing the door after her.

I looked around the dreary, cheerless room, and out of the window on the not enlivening prospect of a back-yard closed around by the rear of dingy brick buildings, and thought what a place this was for one so young and fair to have to live in. Then my mind reverted to the weird noise I had heard, and wondered what it could be.

As I was thinking the door opened, and a tall man with long, gray hair and a flowing beard entered, accompanied by his daughter. His figure was much stooped at the shoulders, and his once strikingly handsome face was crossed by many a wrinkle, and, moreover, bore a most peculiar expression, as he constantly strove to catch some far-off sound.

Miss Ballendrant quickly explained it.

"Papa has lately had the bitter misfortune to lose his powers of hearing," she said. "Indeed, he has become totally deaf, and you will have to communicate your thoughts to him in writing."

He seems to know what she was saying.

"Yes," he said, "my hearing is becoming weakened, and I shall trouble you to write anything you wish to say, or let my little girl do it for you."

Miss Ballendrant turned her eyes upon him with a fond expression, and, through the medium of a small slate which hung at her waist, let her father know that as I had studied before it was principally practice upon the piano under a competent instructor I wished, and he fixed the time for the first lesson on the following day.

I was on my way to the door when Miss Ballendrant very seriously spoke:

"I should have—indeed I meant to have told you that—papa is often unwell—and, perhaps, if you do not object—I shall have sometimes to take his place."

I have no doubt my face showed the surprise I felt, for she walked quickly to the piano—the only article of any value in the room—opened it and sat down.

"Do you doubt my ability?" she said, with a touch of pride.

She did not give me time to reply, but running her fingers over the keys for a moment, woke them into life, making the air vibrate with a volume of music like something of Bache's, almost startling one to hear the crash and rumble like an Alpine storm—a very avalanche of tempestuous harmony.

After the dull gloom that prevaded the room but a moment before, one could easily imagine it to be an impastioned account of the creation, and that the quivering chords beneath the touch of those delicate fingers gave forth the music of the spheres and the rush of the waters as they surged over the shoreless world.

Then came a grand, triumphant hymn, a rapturous song of praise that might have swelled from the throats of the angels proclaiming the approval of the Holy Spirit that it was good.

Then a dreamy, moonlight sort of song, without words, typical of nature asleep and the solitude of the vast continents, and last, the most thought-like music, like the air daintily, airy, and sprite-like as anything Chopin ever wrote, almost too ethereal to be human, like the first glad pulsations of the wonderful mystery of life.

"Wonderful!" was all I could say, as she rose, her lovely face aglow with the delicious pride which springs from the consciousness of power.

"Miss Ballendrant," I said, earnestly, after a pause, "I feel that my light is quenched by the distance, the vast solitude and silence, the limitless level, the unbroken blue of the sky, the white cranes rise flashing in the light and soar away; a mirage lifts the lofty timber that outlines a distant river, and shows you the stream shining beneath, shaking silver vapor at its feet; in the creek beside you, fearless lone ducks dip their heads, and, with a flirt of the tail, drop; a drove of horses, rising from beds of rich grass, toss their manes, switch their tails, go bounding into space; vast herds of cattle crop the clover without lifting their heads, and you range by them; riders are rounding up their droves, hawks are hovering, birds are singing, winds are blowing, and what seemed only a solitude before is full of action and music. Now the forest of the Brazos begins to rise, its towering trees of cypress, linden and locust, ash and beech and elm, hickory and hackjack, dense to darkness, yet trembling with dew and light, with the gay vines of trumpet and passion flowers, and with high tufts of blossoming grapes shine from tree to tree. Then you range by the dogwood and redbud, with peach and cane, and their great dark live oaks wrapped in the fantastic shadows of a thousand long, swaying catacha, and standing weird and awful in their bewildering beauty.

Sleeping With the Head to the North.

Sleeping with the head to the north furnishes the theme for an editorial in the New York Times. We are told by it that those who believe that no man can sleep in a satisfactory way unless his head is turned to the north, have only to apply to a compass to doubt it. Of course the alleged prosecutor of the sex to sleep in a circular position, after the plan in vogue among the feline race, with tails reaching always difficult to decide toward which point of the compass the clinging female's head actually points. Man, on the contrary, is accustomed to sleep in a straight line. This system has its faults as well as its merits. While the man who sleeps quietly on his side in a line with the major axis of his bedstead is worth full price, there are those who are habitually diagonal, and insist upon extending themselves from one corner of the bed to another, thereby exhibiting a selfish disregard of the rights and comfort of others. As to the man who lies on his back and snores he furnishes a convincing argument for the existence in a few private where facilities exist for doing full justice to reminiscences of his aboriginal state. As a rule, however, a sleeping man's head goes in the general direction of the head of his bedstead and head, it becomes important that the latter should be placed in the best possible position. That wonderful law of nature which provides that the top of a nap should always be north, probably, first suggested to some scientific person the propriety of making the head of a bedstead point to the north pole. This rule, however, is ostensibly based upon the belief that the current of earthly magnetism constantly flows towards the magnetic pole. Now, if a sleeping man's head is turned toward the north, the magnetic current will enter his feet—unless, indeed, he is a western Democratic statesman and sleeps in his boots—and gently smoothing his nerves, as one would smooth a cat, will pass out at his head. If, on the contrary, he sleeps with his head to the south, the current will enter at his head and smooth his nerves in the wrong direction, thus rendering him more uncomfortable than is a cat whose head is brushed the wrong way by an inconsiderate infant. Thus, while the man who sleeps with his head to the pole rises from slumber soothed and refreshed, the man, who takes the reversed position wakes in the morning from a troubled sleep, with every nerve in his body demanding that well-tried domestic analgue, a denunciation of breakfast and of the general idiocy of the female and juvenile members of his household. It may be said that this is merely a scientific theory, and that there are no facts which prove that the magnetic current has any influence upon a sleeping man. However just this criticism might be apparently have been a few days since, it has been completely refuted by the discovery of a young man in Lancaster, Penn., who has developed the terrible habit of rolling out of bed in the morning, and who, when questioned as to the cause of his habit, explained that he had always gone to bed with his head to the north long before morning. He has tried the experiment of turning his head to the south for a few nights at times without number, and he has always woke up with his head pointed to the pole with far more than the average amount of energy in the average sunspot. This proves beyond a doubt that the magnetic current does not flow up through a sleeper from his feet to his head, and thus establishes the wisdom of turning the head of every bedstead to the north.

Bottleneses Among the German Aristocracy.

From the New York Herald.

The German nobility has to meet at American corruption and demoralization of transatlantic society, would have a fair chance to be not only saying, "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Especially the Gentlemen of the Guard, who, as we have seen, sometimes even criminal, behavior of some of its members, shown that depravity is by no means confined to the "common people." A perusal of the accounts of proceedings in court affords an interesting insight into the immoral and perverted habits of some of our noble houses. Without wishing to be exhaustive in my remarks, I may mention a few facts which lately occurred in a disreputable nature to the personal knowledge of the writer. Count Hatzfeldt, who, having been related to a regiment, is obliged to quit the army, being unable to pay his debts, some of which were fraudulently contracted. A Count Pückler, an ex-officer and grandson of the famous Field Marshal, is suspected of the crime of forgery and embezzlement. A Count Pfil, Captain of the Guards, breaks down with enormous debts and disastrously involves not only his wife and children. A Count Sainingen-Westerburg, a relative to Queen Victoria, who granted a pension to him when compelled to quit imprisonment for theft and sacrilegeric. These her examples, to which others might easily be added, will suffice to corroborate the observation of the corruption of German nobles.

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LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains and aches to which they are subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, dizziness, faintness, internal soreness and permanently heals all those painful ailments peculiar to females.

HEMORRHOIDS or PILES find in this remedy immediate relief and ultimate cure. In each case it never fails. Obstinate cases of long recital in regular use.

FARRINGDON'S PILLS. Cure all forms of Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation.

KIDNEY DISEASES. It has no equal for prompt relief.

BLEEDING from any cause. For this it is a specific. It checks the most profuse bleeding, and other remedies failed to control bleeding it will stop it instantly. Its effects are magical.

TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. Relief and cure assured, and in most instances instantly.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists are supplied with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel, recommended in their practice. We have letters of recommendation from hundreds of physicians many of whom order it for use in their own families. Sold by Druggists at 50 cts., $1, $1.75. Also, simple and elegant Dentifrice, Inhaler, Ointment, Catarrh Remedy, Shaving, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Pile Ointment, Pond's Extract Soap, Toilet Powder, Cream, Lip Salve, Vial Case, Pocket Flasks, Medicated Paper, Bandages, Suspensories, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps, Ankle Supporters, Abdominal Supporters, Trusses, Shampooing Outfits, Atomizers, Nursing Bottles, Breast Shells, Rubber Goods, Fine Combs, Brushes, Hair Restorers, Dyes, Tonics, Sozodont, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, Piso's Remedies, Ayer's Remedies, Allcock's Plasters, Brandreth's Pills, Hop Bitters, Burnett's Cocoaine, Kidney-Wort, Benson's Plasters, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Ripans Tabules, Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient, Packer's Tar Soap, Wells' Health Renewer, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, Hall's Catarrh Cure, Piso's Cure for Consumption, Dr. Pierce's Remedies, Lactated Food, Scott's Emulsion, Cod Liver Oil, Wampole's Preparations, Pain-Killer, Centaur Liniment, Mustang Liniment, Sloan's Liniment, Allen's Lung Balsam, Red Star Cough Cure, Wistar's Balsam, Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, Parker's Ginger Tonic, Brown's Bronchial Troches, Jayne's Expectorant, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

PREMONITION.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

"Oppo thee, quam minimum credula postero."

"Trying the present day, or distrusting that which is to come,
Let us improve take care of to-morrow,
Leave the range of future to him,
Who in love hath folded from our eyes
The sunken mercies never for him.
If there's any earth to an error,
To sin the time before perceived,
Let us not, with this thought, sully the hour
Of guilt—that never occurred!

Some faith, and the faith shall sustain thee;
Some trust, and that trust shall be met;
With sprinkle bonds to sustain thee,
And a blessing to follow regret.
For the past is all pardoned and gladdened,
By the present repentant and blessed,
And thrice how oft hours have been saddened
By that which never occurred!

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow!
Short and dark as our life may appear,
Yet there is still darker by sorrow
Still shorter by folly and fear.
For whatever in God's mind our invention,
Lord often from blessings conferred
Since sin entered in this world transgression
Of evils—that never occurred!

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

For three days a terrible gale drove before it the ship Pembroke, bound to Liverpool from the Sandwich Islands. Under bare poles, with every timber groaning and creaking, with the full mate heading like reeds, with heavy seas and blinding spray sweeping her decks from end to end, she was tossed and rolling, plunging and quivering in her desperate struggle with the tempest.

At midnight, just before the ending of the third day, a fearful cry, not loud, but hoarse and deep, went through the ship:

"We have sprung a leak!"

Then the light from the two lanterns hung up in the mate and second officers' cabins, the sturdy forms of seamen hurrying to rig the pumps.

Soon the dismal clang was heard as the steel fallers toiled and toiled, but all to no purpose!

"Oh, Heaven, what shall we do?" the mate cried despairingly to the young wife of Mr. Rogers, the first mate.

She was a fine, noble looking woman, and quite filled and inspired every man aboard ship. A true daughter of Eve, her love for her husband was so deep and absorbing that she would have followed him through any hardship or peril, sooner than separate from him for one hour.

Now at the steady, good-looking young mate heard his wife's cry of alarm, he flung an arm around her waist and bade her be of good cheer for it was no use to the wreck," said he, "we will probably fill in, we keep, with some other craft.

Meanwhile the leak steadily gained. The captain sent his carpenter into the hold.

Perhaps it was half an hour, when he returned, "it's all up with us! There must be a big hole in the ship, as the water in her is already seven feet deep."

A look of dismay settled on every face.

"Shut the boats ready," said the skipper.

While the men were obeying the order the ship's hull, settling lower and lower, was now utterly engulfed in the rushing, roaring sea.

The sailors had barely time to put a bag of sea-biscuit, a couple of cans of prepared meat and a breaker of fresh water in each of the boats when, with a sickening shock, the vessel rolled half way over to leeward, as helpless as a log, prostrate to going down.

The mate with eight men, took to the long boat; the rest of the ship's crew, quarter, amounting to ten sailors, entered the quarter boat.

Just as the two light vessels put away from the doomed craft, the latter plunging her bows under, a dull report was heard, as the hatches were burst open by the rushing water to the hold.

A minute later, elevating her stern, the ship sank out of sight in the stormy ocean.

In the darkness and amongst the heavy seas, the mate's boat soon became separated from the other.

At dawn no sign of the latter could be discovered by those who looked for it.

Keeping the boat dead all day against the wind, the mate with his companions vainly watched for a sail.

Thus, day after day passed, until nearly a week had elapsed, by which time the scanty allowance of sea-biscuits having given out, there was nothing left to eat in the boat, while in the breaker (a small cask) there remained hardly two quarts of water.

Three days later, neither land nor a sail having yet been fallen in with, the sufferings of the people in the boat, reduced almost to a state of starvation, were terrible.

"Oh, Harriet, my poor wife, on the morning of the tenth day after the ship had been abandoned, "if I could only obtain food for you—even provided the rest of us had none—it would be a great relief to me!"

"Nay," answered the young woman in a faint voice, while tears streamed down her hollow, flushed cheeks, "you should have my share, Henry. I could manage to wait for a sail, which I trust we shall soon behold."

Later in the day, a wild, fierce expression gleamed in the eyes of the mate.

They exchanged significant glances, but at the time said not a word.

Each, however, guessed the horrible thought that had entered the mind of every sailor, although they hesitated, as yet, to speak it.

At last a man named Michael Bruno—a half-breed between an Englishman and a Portuguese—let loose the dreadful idea.

"It must be done," he almost screamed. "Two hours more without food will put the death seal upon us. One of us must die."

"Oh, no, no," cried Harriet. "We can wait still. We shall see a sail before long. I feel sure we will."

But all her pleadings were in vain. Some paper was cut into strips, and those being held by Bruno, a sailor named Jones, the terrible die was commenced, it having been arranged that he who drew the shortest strip was to yield up his life for the benefit of the rest.

As pale as death, Harriet sat watching the drawing. A moment later she beheld her husband looking at a small bit of paper in his hand, while the hoarse voice of Bruno grated on her ear:

"Mr. Rogers has drawn the short slip! He must die!"

"Ay, ay, sure," said Rogers. "I will soon be ready!"

His wife flung herself upon his bosom.

"Never! never shall they tear you from me!" she cried, twining her arms about his neck.

"Harriet," he said, "it is necessary. It is only fair that I should die."

"You must not; you shall not," exclaimed the young woman. "We can all go without food some hours longer, during which we may see a sail."

"No, no, no," cried Rogers' shipmates simultaneously. "We must have food now."

Hunger had driven them to desperation. Their teeth were clenched, their eyes wild and bloodshot, their flame more like those of wolves than of human beings.

"Let me go, dear Harriet," said the young man to his wife. "I will not be sad you good-bye, and may Heaven bless you."

Some of the men advanced toward Harriet, who still held her husband in an embrace from which he seemed powerless to disengage himself. Turning suddenly, he exclaimed, fiercely:

"Stand back, murderers! you tear me from him. I will not yield him up to you alive. Take mine if you will, but not his!"

Then, with a sudden movement, he flung his wife down on the deck. Even at that dreadful moment they could not endure the thought of killing a woman.

The first officer, who had watched his chance, now up a sudden movement, taking advantage of his wife's head being suddenly turned, and nerved to additional strength by the harrowing thought that his shipmates might at length come to the conclusion of accepting Harriet's proposition to sacrifice her life, broke from her entwining arms and ran towards the bow of the boat.

There he was quickly joined by the other men, one of whom now placed himself as a barrier between the young woman and her husband, whom she was making frantic efforts to reach.

Perceiving that she could not pass the man, she fell upon her knees, and, in a voice of the most heart-rending agony, again begged the others to take her own instead of her husband's life.

But her supplications were in vain.

She saw her husband leaning back prepared to die, while Bruno proceeded to sharpen his knife for the dreadful work on one of the keeps of the breaker.

Having at length prepared the weapon, he stooped over the young man to cut his throat, while a companion stood by with a tin cup to catch the blood.

"Stop! stop! a sale wait," she cried. "Look first and see if there is not a sail in sight."

The men obeyed her request. They scanned the ocean far and near, but no sign of a sail was to be seen.

"How do you know there is not one hidden by that mist?" she inquired, pointing towards a small fog-bank a league to windward.

"There is none," answered the men answered. "I feel sure. I looked at that very spot before the fog settled there, about fifteen minutes since."

"Oh, no; you may be mistaken. I conjure you, I implore you to wait till the fog clears up, when you may see a sail."

"But we cannot," cried Bruno, "but to satisfy you, we will wait a few minutes before we take your husband's life."

At this Harriet started up. With her hands clasped and her hair streaming down her back, she stood, her eyes turned toward the sky.

In this brief interval a change upon her face an expression that had never been seen there before.

It was almost divine, filling the countenance with an unearthly beauty, lighting the eyes with such a radiant gleam—a look of such strong, concentrated will, blended with heavenly supplication, that the rough men drew back with mingled respect and awe, trembling under a sort of supernatural influence.

A moment the young woman stood that, and then from her parted lips came her voice, full of strange, weird power, making the blood leap in every vein:

"Oh, Heaven, a sail! a sail!"

The words were simple enough, but the manner in which they were uttered thrilled her listeners to the heart.

Instinctively they all glanced around upon the ocean, as if expecting that the prayer would be answered.

North, south, east and west they looked, but they saw no sign of a vessel. When about five minutes had passed, however, Bruno was seen pointing towards the strip of fog, which, slowly rising like a curtain, revealed a sail.

Yes, there it was, sure enough, and with a cry of wild joy on seeing it, Harriet, no longer kept from her husband, flung herself upon his breast, while the others gave expression to their feelings by hoarse shouts, echo and frantic laughter.

Signals were made, the vessel bore down for the boat, and the occupants were soon on deck. The vessel proved to be the captain of the bark Java, bound to London.

The half-starved men were agreeably surprised to find aboard this vessel their shipmate of the long boat, which, it seems, had been picked up four days previously.

In due time the vessel arrived at her home port, where the adventure of the mate's wife and how Harriet Rodgers had saved the life of her husband.

Some of the men insisted that ten or fifteen minutes before she uttered her prayer, there had been no vessel at the point where it was discovered. Of course they were mistaken, having doubtless looked in some other direction; but this they firmly denied with the most superstitious of sea-faring notions, declaring that the sail appeared just when and where it did, in answer to the "Wife's Prayer."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CARBONIC ACID GAS.—Snow increases the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere to such a general rule regarding its quantity is it under it, according to the density of the vapor inversely with the position of the barometer.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—The Journal of Agriculture says that a simple remedy for the bots of horses is said to be got rid of by using for the plants water in which a certain part of grass has been boiled. Horses which suffer this treatment, it is said, the worms soon either fly or die.

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.—In "The Retrospect of Medicine" for 1870, Dr. Richardson maintains that alcohol should be classed rather as an anæsthetic than as a stimulant or a food. He says: "It is not an indispensable article of food, it is a valuable medicine when the body is in a state of disease, in excess of the body high. As to its value as a medicine, he says it is more valuable for children than for adults, and is often more effectual than cod-liver oil."

PRESERVATION OF TELEGRAPH POLES.—M. Tivoyrac proposes to protect the portion of telegraph poles which is buried in the ground by a thin layer of cement two about 0.4 inch in thickness, covered with tar, or red white with lime. The cement is laid in the wood of the post and extend somewhat above the ground. The tar is applied with a copper pitch so that the water can enter between the sleeve and the wood, and the lower part of the former will cover the end of the post and covered with an iron cap.

A NEW IRON ALLOY.—Siderographite is the name given to a new metallic alloy recently patented in the U. S. It is composed of 90 parts nickel, 4 tungsten, 5 aluminium, and 3 copper. It is said to resist oxidation completely, to be unaffected by vegetable acids, and only slightly by mineral acids. It is very hard, and takes a high polish, and while it can be produced at a cost not exceeding that of German silver, it is claimed that it will be found valuable to prevent oxidation this material is a perfect substitute for platinum.

HAY FEVER.—The disease known as hay fever has been investigated by C. H. Blackley, who maintains that it cannot be produced by heat, light or odors. He believes that it is caused by the inhalation of pollen with the respiratory organs. A mild form of hay fever can be induced by breathing a small quantity as 0.0000243 of a grain of pollen every minute for an hour, and a severe attack can be induced by inhaling every 24 hours 0.00239 of a grain. Of course the constitution of the person affected must be predisposed to the disease.

THE LARGEST SALMON.—Professor O. C. Marsh has received a fragment of a salmon's jaw bone, 2 inches from the cretaceous deposits of Colorado, showing which he thinks must have been a fish of great size—one which he states is larger than any land animal, hitherto discovered. The fragment is a part of immense maxilla, having many transmission teeth, and belongs to the genus Portheus. The species, he says, he has partly determined, but a section of five inches in length would be sufficient to fill a large saw. They include the tyrannodon, megalosaurus, iguanodon, hadrosaurus, and many others. The fragment belongs to the same order. The reptile discovered by Professor Marsh is probably between 60 and 70 feet in length. It was herbivorous and seems to have been amphibious. It is called Titanosaurus. The name Titanosaurus montanus has been applied to it.

SNOW.—An Italian doctor (according to Les Mondes) attributes cough to the presence of a parasite fungus in the air. It finds its way into the throat, lodges in the air cells and reaches into the lung cells. Quinine has the fungus, and so does the treatment of microscopic fungi, and is therefore adopted with success in the following powder: Chlorhydrate of quinine, one grain; sugar, one grain; gum arabic, twenty grains. The bicarbonate of soda is mixed in the same manner and the gum arabic to increase the adherence of the powder on the mucous membrane. The powder should be taken the powder should take place during a deep inspiration of the patient, so that the fine powder may go into the windpipe, which is the principal seat of the microscopic fungi.

THE NEW TUNNEL OF LOUIS.—A Dr. Schmidt has just published in Berlin a description of the new tunnel which has been built under the sea in a solid body like the earth, that he may receive their bodies and their souls. Immediately after death, the soul in its spirit is arrested by such bodies as the planets that fight with the sun, and the moon, and the stars. The dragon and allegory involves a correspondence in the spiritual world. The dragon is the devil, and the two are the results of the union of the Scripture with the Apocalypse. The dragon is the devil, and the two are the results of the union of the Scripture with the Apocalypse. The dragon is the devil, and the two are the results of the union of the Scripture with the Apocalypse. The dragon is the devil, and the two are the results of the union of the Scripture with the Apocalypse.

BOOK OF SIGNS.

BEING A COLLECTION OF ALL THE SIGNS—THE ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS AND PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REDE.

"In prisons hostein en proporta
Verb' sapienti satis est exemplo."

"The searching out and thorough investigation of ruth, is the first, the primary study of man."

K.

KEYS—HISTORY OF.

A paper was read recently at a meeting of the British Archæological Association on the history of keys. The author pointed out a strip of bark or a thong of leather as the first means by which property was secured prior to the advanced stage of social refinement, when permanent houses were constructed, and the door and other fastened with bolts, latches and bars. Homer was cited as the earliest writer who mentions anything like a key. Wood specially abounded in the primitive locks and keys of wood of the ancient and modern Egyptians. The iron keys of Egypt were described, and illustrations of the examples in the Britain, and the curious fact pointed out, that nearly similar specimens are met with in Western Africa. After a brief notice of Greek keys, attention was directed to the Roman era, and a minute description was given of the finely and moveable locks, the decorated escutcheons, the keys, and the variously formed bows surmounting the stems. Mention was made of the small keys attached to the finger rings, and of the massive adjuncts to the skeleton key of the Roman householder. The Anglo-Saxon and Norman keys were then dwelt upon, and the variations in the forms and habits of the key from the thirteenth century down to a later period, were described.

KNUCKLE-BONE—DERIVATION.

From a phrase in Dodsley's Dutch School' i. e. luck, and pon will be in the slocken. Johnson derives that from the French, but the author thinks that means something substantial. Milton uses the word in the sense of frivolities, unsubstantialities, when he says:

"Still we need the monsters at Paris to take our youths into their service, and send them over back again transformed into mimics, apes and kickshaws."

Originally it was used to designate certain French dishes such as dainties, messes, sauces, etc., in jesting which the French cooks were so justly celebrated.

"Look! Your baked meats and your made handsome, and your kickshaws and delicate made things."—Beaumont and Fletcher.

KNOWING THE ROPES.

This phrase, according to a tradition among the sailors, that one Bolower having been hanged himself to a beam while standing on a bucket, and the rope being too short, he put his feet on the bucket successful. Hence the phrase "he has kicked the bucket."

KNOWING HANDS.

The kissing of hands is of great ant'quity, and was practiced by the Romans in their religious and social life. It was thus that the sun and moon were worshipped from the remotest ages. Job alludes to this custom when he says:

"If I have looked upon the sun when he was shining forth, or at the moon advancing bright, and my heart has been secretly enticed, and my hand have kissed my mouth."

And Lucian, speaking of Demosthenes, that having fallen into the hands of Antipater, and obtained permission to enter a temple in the neighborhood, he carried a hand to his mouth one evening, as Priam, in Homer, kissed the hands, and embraced the knees of Achilles, and by supporting him to remove the body of Hector. Cortes found the custom in Mexico, where upwards of a thousand of the nobility saluted him of kissing the ground with their hands, which they carried upwards to their mouths.

KNOW.

"Kiss, is to touch gently, and with a slight action of the lips, generally, to touch gently, mildly, slightly, or softly."

Kisses admit of a greater variety of character than embraces, and even are far readier sorts. Eight diversities are mentioned in the Scriptures, viz. the kisses of salutation, Sam. xx. 41, valedictory, Ruth i. 14, of reconciliation, Gen. xxxiii. 4, of affection, Luke xvii. 20, approbation, Prov. ii. 12, adoration, Luke xvii. 38, treachery, Matt. xxvi. 49, affection, Gen. xxix. 13.

KNOWING—ORIGIN OF.

We are told by an ancient historian of some Trojans that escaped in the sacking of Troy, took such ships as they found in the haven, and putting to sea were driven by the winds to a part of Tuscany near the place where Rome now stands and the men being gone on hunting, the women having been very sea sick, the children were left there and consulted the other women to set fire to the ships, so that they might go to sea no more. The men, on their return, finding the ships burnt, were exceedingly angry with their wives, whereupon, to pacify them, they ate something in the night, and by that forthwith on their mouths, that they obtained their forgiveness, and the custom which obtained in this original success was continued, and is the same efficacy to this day. Grant the sweet exercise may never lose its value and reward!

Here is another: Salutation by ladies by their relations and lovers was introduced by the ancient Romans to find by their breath whether they had been drinking wine, a crime with them so severe that a lady found guilty of it, and excluded her from all fashionable circles.

KITCHEN CABINET.

A political term applied to Jackson's Cabinet. The origin was suggested by C. H. Hardin: "Mr. Francis P. Blair and the Hon. Amos Kendall were accustomed, when they called upon the President, to go in by a back door. The Whigs, in their opposition to Jackson, called them 'the Kitchen Cabinet,' as it was said they had to pass through that essential apartment of the White House to reach the Executive."

KNOCK UNDER.

According to Johnson, the origin of the saying from a custom of drinking in the days of chivalry, and argument, of knocking under the table as the familiar sign of submission, which was called the knock under. To a yielding disputant inferiority either in drinking or argument.

KNOCK IN POWER.

Is evidently but another mode of translating this line from the Bible:

"A wise man is strong."
Proverbs, xxiv. 5.

KNIGHTHOOD.

Knighthood, or chivalry, was a military institution founded in the seventh century. In those times of anarchy and confusion, the great lords were frequently engaged in wars with each other, or constantly waged war with another. These hostilities obstructed the security of the public roads to the great inconvenience of travellers. The property of the defended by moated castles and towers, which soon became nests of robbers and banditti (of which frequent mention is made in the old romances), and violence against the fair sex and plundered the unwary traveller. These enormous abuses produced an association of several lords and gentlemen, who engaged, and even vowed solemnly to maintain the security of the public roads and protect the ladies. This was first done in the 7th century in France, and soon spread throughout all Europe. The new profession of knighthood was held in great esteem, their number increased, they formed themselves into a military, and, in some measure, a religious order, and hitherto discovered the virtues of valor, a spirit of immense warfare, having many commendable qualities, and the greatest of all, that of honor, hence, short pacify-dern-like fact a success of five annual varieties and the manner of the knighthood law. They include the tyrannodon, megalosaurus, iguanodon, hadrosaurus, and many others. The fragment belongs to the same order. The reptile discovered by Professor Marsh is probably between 60 and 70 feet in length. It was herbivorous and seems to have been amphibious. It is called Titanosaurus. The name Titanosaurus montanus has been applied to it.

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OUR FASHION CHAT.

If attractive dress appealed only to our taste, in Indiscreet would be quite limited, but as we wish to please the eye, freely quote the fashions and clothe ourselves in the garb of fashion. A charming, pretty garment, the fashion of a large scarf, forming a tunic, in white and Spanish lace, embroidered with a fine passage in shaded silks with a fringe of tassels on the edge.

The style of veil known as in Valle Sita, so much worn in gauze during the past season, will probably to be allowed to remain in existence for some months longer, though, of course, for gauze, will be substituted the lighter and more transparent tissue of the year. Most of our readers are probably no strangers to the shape of veil we wish to indicate. It is a square piece of a large square size, which entirely covers the face, the opposite one falls over the back of the neck, whilst the third and fourth are tied under the chin. The object of this veil is to protect the complexion from the rays of the sun and from the dust all through the summer. A veil made in this form of thicker materials this Winter.

Cloaks have attained an additional length and fullness, the latest mantle considered more appropriate for carriage use, while those of moderate size, in which graceful ease is combined with elegance of trimming can be maintained, are the favorites for walking. They are made in velvet, silk matelasse cloth or cashmere, with appropriate garnitures of feathers, passementerie jet or lace and fringe.

I must include a few hints on the chemisette, as in a perfect toilette this is a most important item. The dainty little Norman robe is quite a success, having had great popularity at the watering places this Summer. It is of cashmere, and has an embroidered strap. The kid buttine, for Autumn, is simply stitched with white or colored silk.

For indoor wear, there are a few visitors shoes," with large bows gros grain ribbon, and the "Marquise" shoe of soft kid or satine of the shade of the dress and occasionally in shades of silk, or satin, or morocco, lined with satin and ruched with silk, all harmonizing with the dress.

A variety of bonnets always accompanies the Autumn and Winter season, and the present styles include felt, plush, satin and velvet, in all the fashionable shades of greens, browns, garnet, mouse gray and dark sea blue.

A modified form of the Gainsborough is much admired, and with the felt bonnets are the most suitable for youthful faces, while the capote fitting close to the head is sought after by older ones. The Marie Stuart bonnet is in favor, and remained another season the gypsey. Artistic arrangement of bows and glittering jet is visible on many bonnets, but a more minute description will be reserved for another occasion, although I must speak of a charming wedding bonnet of white plush, ornamented with orange blossom and Parisian lace. Ornaments in polished gold, in Renaissance design, in exquisite variety, surround the bonnets in connection with feathers, wings and loops of satin and plush.

Among the many costumes displayed, I find the perfect combination of elegance and simplicity, and decidedly elegant in effect, with artistically draped scarfs, with garnitures of gallion or fringe lace, or passementerie, and, indeed, there is no style which admits of greater variety, and grace and elegance, than the princesse model.

For a dinner dress, a charming effect was produced by a brown satin, in which the train skirt was bordered by a box pleating, a tablier of two scarfs of satin edged with lace and embroidered, the corsage of illicul, and partially covered with embroidered lace.

Bright hues of double faced ribbon down the front show the predominant colors of the embroidery on the dress, in gold, cardinal, and dark blue.

As the chronicles of the doings of the bean monde in Paris are always pleasant to hear, I will leave the question of dress and turn to some of the items contributed to them have turned out pretty nearly according to the same time a prophecy of Mme. Rachel, the educator they may have received. Wise persons will not allow their children to grow up with the idea that the world is to be made subservient to their wishes, but will endeavor to train them into the habit of controlling themselves in their desires. This is a difficult task sometimes, doubtless, but we are unable to say from experience that it is impossible, as many parents and guardians claim for it.

MRS. OAK, (Charleston, S. C.)—We think that you may make your inquiries quite easy on the matter of the Centennial Exhibition. The whole runs as follows —that is, we give it from memory:

"And then the end of the world will come
When the Centennial is done."

The collapse of the globe has been so many times predicted, and the day has been fixed so frequently, and the prophecy has so often failed of fulfillment, that we do not think that the present one will likely fall also. The advertisement you saw in a daily paper was a puff, and was compounded from a page of the book. A celebrated doctor of divinity, about to issue a new volume, in Wisconsin, had the work postponed it for ten more years. Another ten years will probably see the end of the Flowers have ever given an important part in courtship in France. The fashion is in daily demand to send a bit bouquet of a white bouquet every day from the day of the betrothal to that of marriage.

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A Plan for Utilizing Joseph.

From the Washington National Republican.

What is the administration going to do with Chief Joseph? He is a splendid soldier, and by those who know him is said to be an educated gentleman, speaks the English and French languages fluently, and some-what of an astronomer and scientist. His followers are many, indeed the Nez Percés are now nearly extinct. Would it not be a good plan for Congress to pass a law creating another professorship at West Point, and name it "Professor of Indian Tactics"? Would not Chief Joseph be just the man for the place? He could teach the manners and ways of the Indians. There is no practice of the Indian warrior that he could not show the West Point boys how to circumnavigate. Our boys, also, are learning their military tactics by going to the Western frontier—knowing much better about Indian warfare than the Southerners and yet often do circumstances find them in command of troops in particular and important positions. The most of the fighting that our army will have to do in the future will be with the Indians. The professorship at West Point should have a thorough Indian warfare education and no reputed chief is to be met with in this country who is better able to organize the Indian fighting class at West Point than is Chief Joseph. He is better fitted by pleading him out of the clouds of Heaven.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORNER A. W., (York, Pa.)—Not if your parents approve.

J. E. R., (Geneva, Ky.)—Certainly not. It is useless to struggle against such a fate.

FAIRY, (Little York, Ohio.)—Begin by speaking to the young man during the next call.

BURT SEE, (South Lynnard, Pa.)—The dictionary you send us is worthless.

LIZZA, (Princeton, N. C.)—We think you had better let the young man continue his visits.

CLARA, (Lockhart, Texas.)—Your name is derived from the Latin, and signifies clear, bright.

ERNEST K., (Hoosick, Pa.)—With cake and pastries you would soon be able to write a delicate billet-doux.

K. M., Quakertown, Pa.)—There are three Lord Mayors, in the United Kingdom, those of London, York, and Dublin.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, (Carlisle, Pa.)—A rose bush and basil, clipped every week, and fed, or a silver spoon, are suitable presents.

A. H., Quaker Point, Kan.)—The fur-lined overcoats are worn by the Esquimaux, as invented by Edward I., in the Tower Abbey, London.

S. M., (Hillsdale, Mich.)—What patiently I can, while longer the gentleman may perhaps not feel in a position to make you an offer just yet.

AN IRISH LASSIE, (Galveston, Tex.)—A. The use of the three should be of plain material, while the cuffs, pockets and collar should match the plastron.

Peierines have been in vogue so long that they will, without doubt, retain their popularity in the form of thicker materials this Winter.

Cloaks have attained an additional length and fullness, the latest mantle considered more appropriate for carriage use, while those of moderate size, in which graceful ease is combined with elegance of trimming can be maintained, are the favorites for walking. They are made in velvet, silk matelasse cloth or cashmere, with appropriate garnitures of feathers, passementerie jet or lace and fringe.

I must include a few hints on the chemisette, as in a perfect toilette this is a most important item. The dainty little Norman robe is quite a success, having had great popularity at the watering places this Summer. It is of cashmere, and has an embroidered strap. The kid buttine, for Autumn, is simply stitched with white or colored silk.

For indoor wear, there are a few visitors shoes," with large bows gros grain ribbon, and the "Marquise" shoe of soft kid or satine of the shade of the dress and occasionally in shades of silk, or satin, or morocco, lined with satin and ruched with silk, all harmonizing with the dress.

A variety of bonnets always accompanies the Autumn and Winter season, and the present styles include felt, plush, satin and velvet, in all the fashionable shades of greens, browns, garnet, mouse gray and dark sea blue.

A modified form of the Gainsborough is much admired, and with the felt bonnets are the most suitable for youthful faces, while the capote fitting close to the head is sought after by older ones. The Marie Stuart bonnet is in favor, and remained another season the gypsey. Artistic arrangement of bows and glittering jet is visible on many bonnets, but a more minute description will be reserved for another occasion, although I must speak of a charming wedding bonnet of white plush, ornamented with orange blossom and Parisian lace. Ornaments in polished gold, in Renaissance design, in exquisite variety, surround the bonnets in connection with feathers, wings and loops of satin and plush.

Among the many costumes displayed, I find the perfect combination of elegance and simplicity, and decidedly elegant in effect, with artistically draped scarfs, with garnitures of gallion or fringe lace, or passementerie, and, indeed, there is no style which admits of greater variety, and grace and elegance, than the princesse model.

For a dinner dress, a charming effect was produced by a brown satin, in which the train skirt was bordered by a box pleating, a tablier of two scarfs of satin edged with lace and embroidered, the corsage of illicul, and partially covered with embroidered lace.

Bright hues of double faced ribbon down the front show the predominant colors of the embroidery on the dress, in gold, cardinal, and dark blue.

As the chronicles of the doings of the bean monde in Paris are always pleasant to hear, I will leave the question of dress and turn to some of the items contributed to them have turned out pretty nearly according to the same time a prophecy of Mme. Rachel, the educator they may have received. Wise persons will not allow their children to grow up with the idea that the world is to be made subservient to their wishes, but will endeavor to train them into the habit of controlling themselves in their desires. This is a difficult task sometimes, doubtless, but we are unable to say from experience that it is impossible, as many parents and guardians claim for it.

MRS. OAK, (Charleston, S. C.)—We think that you may make your inquiries quite easy on the matter of the Centennial Exhibition. The whole runs as follows —that is, we give it from memory:

"And then the end of the world will come
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